

No. 23

64
PAGES
OF
THRILLING
ADVENTURE

JANUARY, 1939

Detective COMICS

Reg U S Pat Off

10¢



Turn to page 1 and read about SPEED
SAUNDERS and the Ski Murder...
it's another thrilling episode
in the life of this Ace
Investigator!

FRED GUARDINEER

CHEE!
I HIT TH'
JACK-POT
DIS TIME!



DETECTIVE COMICS

VINCENT A. SULLIVAN

Editor

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SPEED SAUNDERS AND THE SKI MURDER

BY FRED GUARDINEER



SPEED SAUNDERS TAKES A WEEKEND VACATION TO ENJOY THE SKIING IN NEARBY MOUNTAINS -



SPEED SEES A TRAVELLER DROPPING HER HANDKERCHIEF -



IN PICKING IT UP SPEED NOTES THE FORMATION OF THE INITIAL -



YOU DROPPED THIS -

OH, NO! YOU MUST BE MISTAKEN!

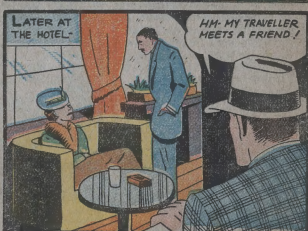


THERE'S SOME MYSTERY HERE - NO VACATION FOR ME, I GUESS!



LATER AT THE HOTEL -

HM - MY TRAVELLER MEETS A FRIEND!



SPEED SETS OUT TO ENJOY
SOME SKIING -

SOMEBODY IS
HURT - WONDER
WHAT'S UP ?



QUITE AN UNUSUAL
MURDER WEAPON -
SO - !



NOW THAT CERTAINLY
IS CARELESS OF THAT
GIRL TO LEAVE HER
HANDKERCHIEFS
AROUND - UNLESS -



THIS WILL CREATE
QUITE A SENSATION
AT THE HOTEL !



I'M DETECTIVE SAUNDERS OF THE
CITY POLICE - FOUND THE BODY
ABOUT THREE MILES OUT ON
THE LOWER PASS. LOOKS LIKE AN
ACCIDENT BUT I'LL INVESTIGATE
IN A ROUTINE WAY -



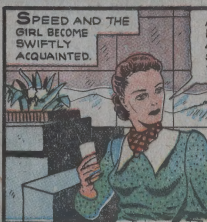
NOW THAT I'VE THE CHANCE, I'LL
RETURN THIS HANDKERCHIEF I
FOUND IT BESIDE
THE BODY OF THE MURDERED
MAN !!



I MIGHT AS WELL COME CLEAN
I USED TO BE A MEMBER OF A
GANG - BEFORE I REFORMED,
BUT THEY WON'T LET ME ALONE
I WAS TO KILL THAT - THAT
MAN YOU FOUND I REFUSED.
THEY'RE TRYING TO FIN IT
ON ME !



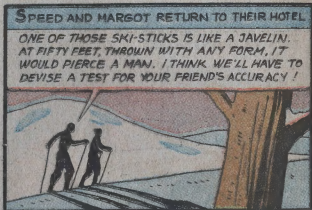
SPEED AND THE
GIRL BECOME
SWIFTLY
ACQUAINTED.



MY NAME IS MARGOT LEE. THE MAN
WHO WAS KILLED IS JOE FRENCH. HE
DOUBLE-CROSSED A MAN WHO IS
STAYING AT THIS HOTEL. HE WAS
TALKING TO ME WHEN WE FIRST
GOT HERE -

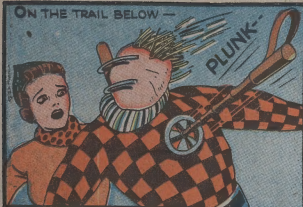








ON THE TRAIL BELOW —



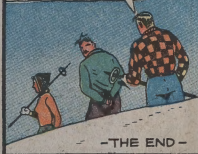
WITH INCHES SEPARATING THEM FROM A DEATH PLUNGE, SPEED AND THE MURDERER BATTLE ON—



KNOWING THAT YOU USED HANDKERCHIEFS WITH AN UNUSUAL INITIAL, HE FRAMED YOU FOR THE FIRST MURDER. LUCKILY I FOUND YOUR HANDKERCHIEF AND SAVED YOU FROM THAT. NOW HE PLANNED TO KILL ME AND ACCUSE YOU. HE WOULD SAY HE FOUND YOUR HANDKERCHIEF!

YES. ALL THE PEOPLE AT THE HOTEL SAW US GO OUT TOGETHER. IT WOULD BE EASY FOR HIM TO SAY HE SAW THE WHOLE THING!

YOU WERE TOO FOXY. IF YOU HADN'T TRIED TO FRAME MISS LEE, YOU'D HAVE GOTTEN AWAY WITH IT!



—THE END—

CRIME NEVER *pays*



**CRIMINALS FEAR
THE MICROSCOPE!**

TODAY, MANY LAW-BREAKERS ARE TRAPPED BY SCIENCE. THE MICROSCOPE—THE OPTICAL INSTRUMENT USED FOR EXAMINING MINUTE OBJECTS BY MAGNIFICATION—SUCH AS HAIRS, GRAINS OF DUST, AND BLOOD SPOTS—AIDS SCIENTIFIC SLEUTHS TO BRING CRIMINALS TO JUSTICE. THE COMPOUND TYPE OF THIS INSTRUMENT CONSISTS OF A RIGID STAND CARRYING A STAGE FOR SUPPORTING THE OBJECT BEING ANALYZED.

THE TRUTH OF THE STATEMENT THAT "CRIME NEVER PAYS"—IS THAT MOST CRIMINALS DIE PENNILESS AND THAT MOST LAW-BREAKERS ARE EVENTUALLY CAUGHT.



SCOTLAND YARD, THE NAME OF THE METROPOLITAN POLICE FORCE OF LONDON, IS DERIVED FROM THE FACT THAT THE OLD HEADQUARTERS WERE LOCATED IN THE LONDON PALACE OF THE KING OF SCOTLAND. WHEN THE NEW SCOTLAND YARD WAS BUILT THE OLD NAME WAS BESTOWED UPON IT ON ACCOUNT OF THE ASSOCIATION.



ALLAN PINKERTON, IN 1852, FOUNDED THE FIRST DETECTIVE AGENCY IN THE UNITED STATES AND GAINED NATIONAL FAME FOR BRINGING OUT SOME OF THE MOST DESPERATE CRIMES OF THE AGE. IN 1861, PRESIDENT LINCOLN ESTABLISHED THE ARMY SECRET SERVICE BUREAU AND APPOINTED DETECTIVE PINKERTON AS FIRST CHIEF.



FINGERPRINTING WAS FIRST USED FOR CRIMINAL IDENTIFICATION IN THE UNITED STATES AT SING SING IN 1903. IN 1904 THE WARDEN OF LEAVENWORTH PENITENTIARY WAS AUTHORIZED TO TAKE FINGERPRINTS OF FEDERAL PRISONERS INCARCERATED IN STATE PENITENTIARIES; AND IN 1907 CONGRESS ENACTED A LAW AUTHORIZING THE EXCHANGE OF FINGERPRINTS WITH OTHER PENAL INSTITUTIONS.

Here's A Knockout Gift For Christmas!



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MODEL AIRPLANE NEWS

plus a complete Construction Kit to build the Howard the famous racing plane pictured at left. This is a 24V model and has a retail value of \$50. It is colored all white with black details. Kit is complete containing a full size plan and many finished parts. Its fast, stable flights will thrill any one who builds this model.

KEEP IN TOUCH WITH AVIATION

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- **LEARN**—to build racers—cabin planes—bi-transports—fighters—bombers. Know about wing-design—lifting—dive—dive—whirl—wind motors. Study the gas jobs powered with tiny 1/3 H.P. motors—own your own that will fly 25 minutes.
- **MAKE MONEY**—Win prizes in model building and in model flying. Make scale models to sell for home decorations, flying models for gifts, etc.

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This offer good in the U. S. and Canada, offer, excluding kit, also good in U. S. and Canada, Mexico, Panama and S. Amer.

LARRY

PRIVATE DETECTIVE

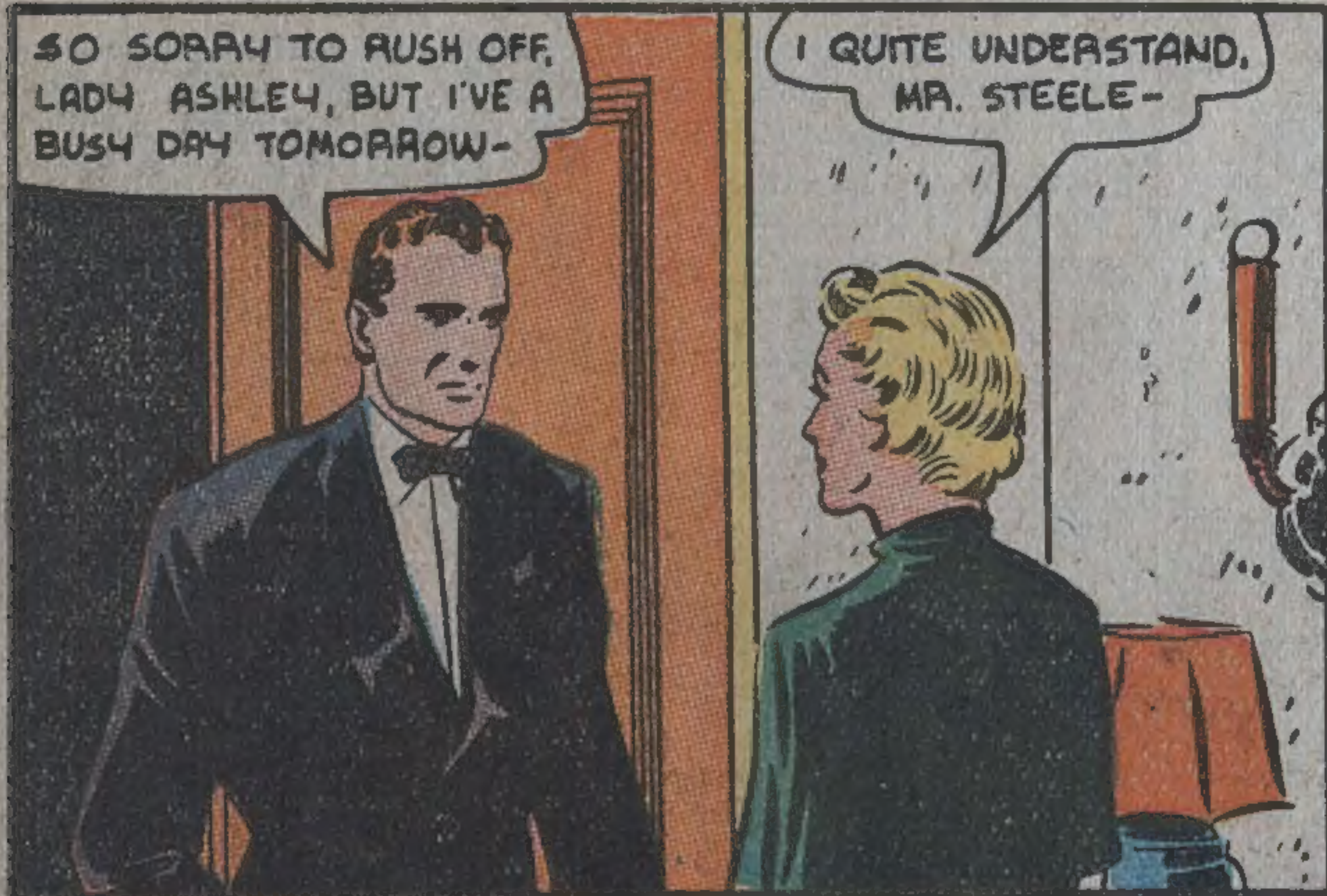
STEELE

by Will Ely



SO SORRY TO RUSH OFF,
LADY ASHLEY, BUT I'VE A
BUSY DAY TOMORROW--

I QUITE UNDERSTAND,
MR. STEELE--



THESE DRIVEWAYS ARE
A MAZE - THIS DOESN'T
SEEM TO BE THE
RIGHT ONE --



I SAY - WHICH OF
THESE DRIVES LEAD
TO THE HIGHWAY?

WELL-- I'LL SHOW
YOU --



HOW'S THAT!

OHH!!

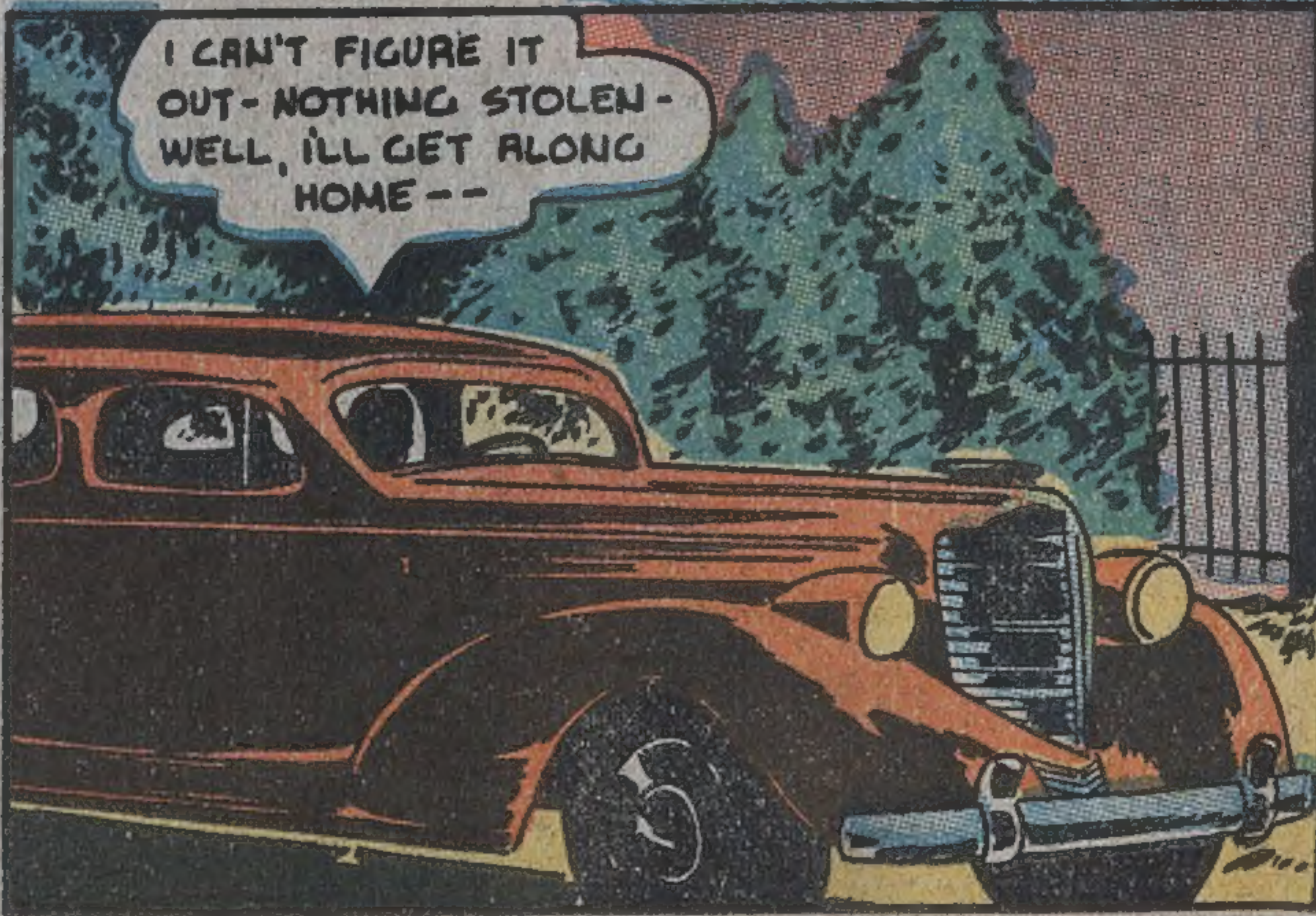


LARRY IS OUT FOR
PERHAPS TWENTY
MINUTES--- WHEN
HE AWAKENS ---

WHERE AM I? OH MY
HEAD! NOW I
REMEMBER --



I CAN'T FIGURE IT
OUT - NOTHING STOLEN -
WELL, I'LL GET ALONG
HOME --

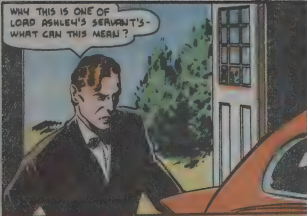


LARRY PUTS HIS CAR
IN THE GARAGE AND
THEN GOES TO GET
SOMETHING OUT OF
THE TRUNK ---



HOLY SMOKE !! A DEAD
MAN ! I'M BEGINNING TO
UNDERSTAND ---

WHY THIS IS ONE OF
LOAD ASHLEY'S SERVANTS--
WHAT CAN THIS MEAN?



ALL RIGHT, GET 'EM UP
MISTER - WE'VE GOT
YOU REDHANDED---

WHERE'S THE ICE,
WISE GUY?

ICE? SURELY YOU DON'T
THINK I DID THIS -- IT'S
ALL A SURPRISE TO ME--



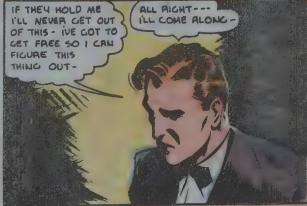
LARRY IDENTIFIES
HIMSELF AND TELLS
HIS STORY, BUT THE
POLICE ARE RELUC-
TANT TO BELIEVE
HIM ---

YOU SEE WE GOT A CALL
FROM LOAD ASHLEY'S TO
PICK YOU UP HERE ---
WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE
YOU IN --



IF THEY HOLD ME
I'LL NEVER GET OUT
OF THIS - I'VE GOT TO
GET FREE SO I CAN
FIGURE THIS
THING OUT--

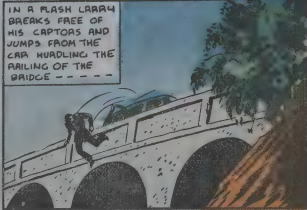
ALL RIGHT ---
I'LL COME ALONG --



THEY'RE A BIT LAX -- SUPPOSE
THEY THINK I WON'T RESIST --
WHEN WE CROSS THE MILL
CREEK BRIDGE ---



IN A FLASH LARRY
BREAKS FREE OF
HIS CAPTORS AND
JUMPS FROM THE
CAR HURLING THE
RAILING OF THE
BRIDGE ---



PULL UP, CLANCY! THE
MUG'S ESCAPED!!

USE YOUR GUN! HE
CAN'T GO FAR --

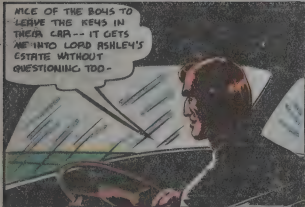


GAVE US THE SLIP
COMPLETELY, O'BRIEN!

I HATE TO GO BACK TO
HEADQUARTERS AFTER
THIS ---



NICE OF THE BOYS TO
LEAVE THE KEYS IN
THEIR CAR -- IT GETS
ME INTO LORD ASHLEY'S
ESTATE WITHOUT
QUESTIONING TOO-

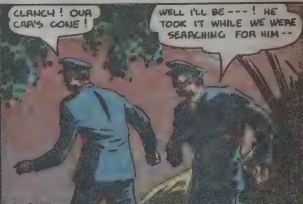


BUT LARAH SWIMS UNDERWATER DOWNSTREAM WITH THE
STRONG CURRENT AND HIDES IN A CLUMP OF TALL GRASS--



CLANCY! OUR
CAR'S COME!

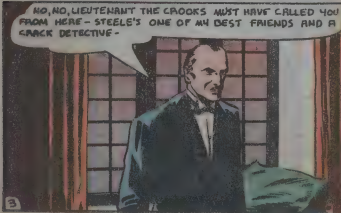
WELL I'LL BE ---! HE
TOOK IT WHILE WE WERE
SEARCHING FOR HIM--



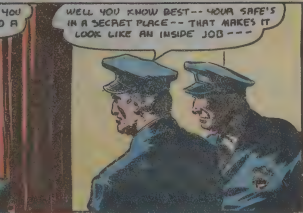
THESE VINES MAKE A NICE
LADDER-- THERE'S ASHLEY'S
STUDY-- THINK I'LL
EAVESDROP A BIT --

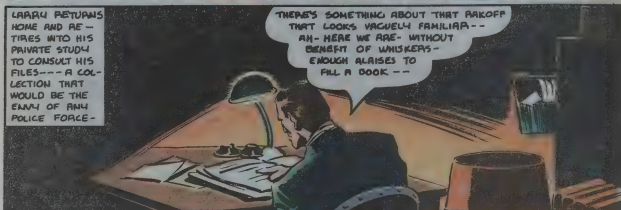
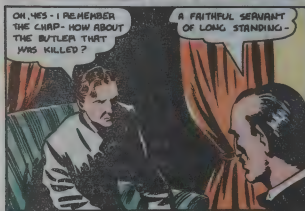
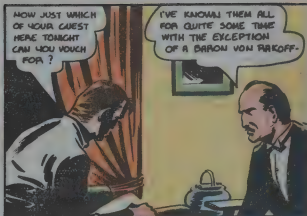


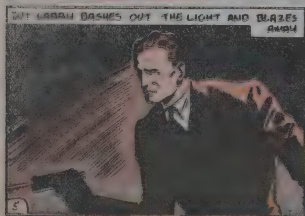
NO, NO, LIEUTENANT THE CROOKS MUST HAVE CALLED YOU
FROM HERE-- STEELE'S ONE OF MY BEST FRIENDS AND A
CRACK DETECTIVE--



WELL YOU KNOW BEST-- YOUR SAFE'S
IN A SECRET PLACE-- THAT MAKES IT
LOOK LIKE AN INSIDE JOB ---







THERE IS
A WILD
SCRAMBLE
AS THE
THREE CROOKS
DEPART WITH
THE JEWELS-
CLARK LIES
STUNNED



HE STAGGLES TO HIS FEET AND STAGGERS
AFTER THEM-



COME ON- GET
'ER ROLLING!



NO YOU DON'T,
WISE GUYS- JUST
GET THOSE HANDS
UP- GET THE
STUFF, CLARKY!

COPPEAS- WERE
CAUGHT!

WELL I'LL BE
DARNED

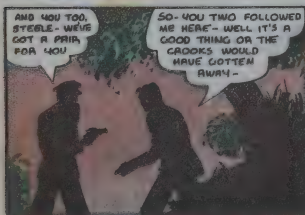


AND YOU TOO,
STEELE- WE'VE
GOT A PAIR
FOR YOU

SO- YOU TWO FOLLOWED
ME HERE- WELL IT'S A
GOOD THING OR THE
CROOKS WOULD
HAVE GOTTEN
AWAY-

MAYBE WE'VE
BEEN MISTAKEN-
YOU MEAN YOU'RE
NOT IN WITH
THIS BUNCH?

LET'S GET TO HEAD-
QUARTERS- THEN'LL EX-
PLAIN IT SO EVEN YOU
CAN UNDERSTAND IT-



THE END

Buck MARSHALL

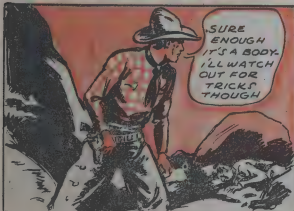
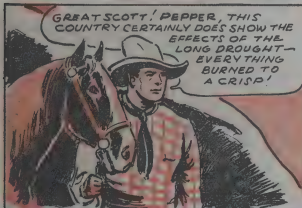
RANGE
DETECTIVE

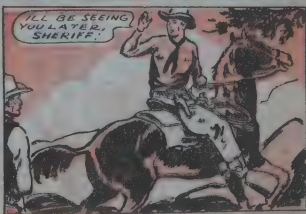
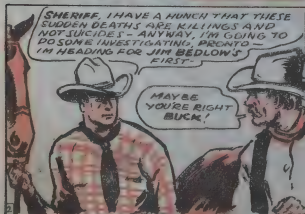
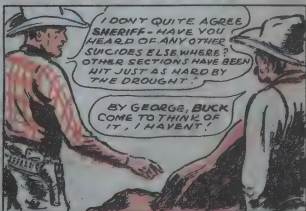
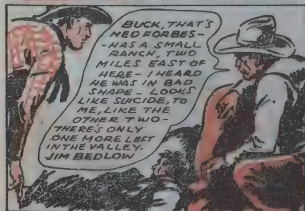
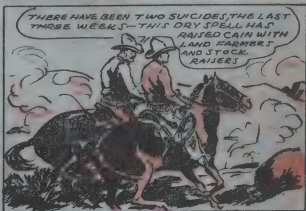
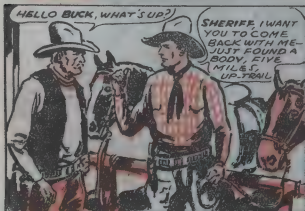
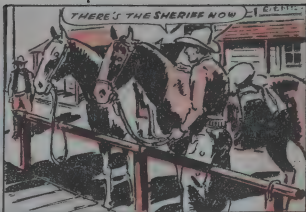
BY
H. FLEMING

NUGGETS OF LEAD

LOPING ALONG A NARROW TRAIL THAT LEADS DOWN THROUGH THE FOOT-HILLS, BUCK MARSHALL, RANGE-DETECTIVE, EDGES HIS HORSE INTO THE WELCOME SHADE OF A HUGE BOULDER -

LETTING HIS REINS DROP TO THE GROUND, HE SLIDES FROM THE SADDLE -





AS BUCK
NEARS
JIM BEDLOW'S
PLACE,
HE SEES
A RIDER
MAKING
HIS WAY
UP TO
THE
RIMROCK
ABOVE
THE
RANCH
CABIN



I WONDER WHAT'S
TAKING THAT HOMBRE
UP THERE -

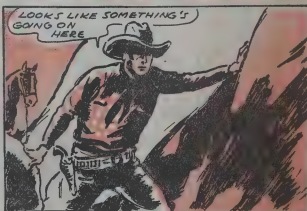


HE'D DISAPPEARED IN THAT
CREVICE - I'LL WAIT UNTIL
HE COMES OUT

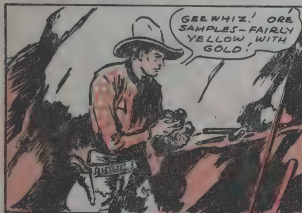


I'LL JUST TAKE A
LOOK-SEE OVER THERE
BEFORE I GO DOWN
TO THE CABIN

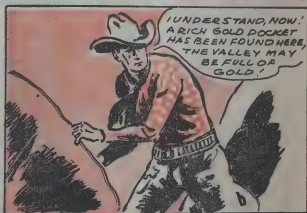
BUCK WATCHES UNTIL THE RIDER COMES
OUT OF THE CREVICE, SOME TIME LATER
CARRYING A SACK - HE CLINGS IT OVER HIS SADDLE
AND RIDES AWAY -



LOOKS LIKE SOMETHING'S
GOING ON
HERE



GEE WHIZ! ORE
SAMPLES - FAIRLY
YELLOW WITH
GOLD!



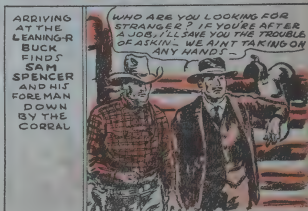
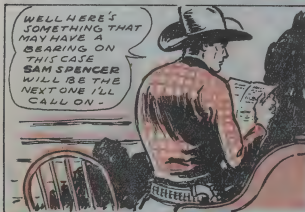
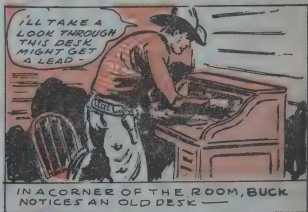
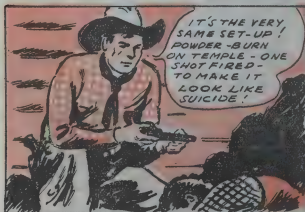
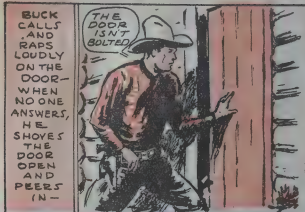
I UNDERSTAND, NOW!
A RICH GOLD POCKET
HAS BEEN FOUND HERE,
THE VALLEY MAY
BE FULL OF
GOLD!

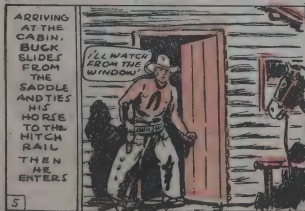
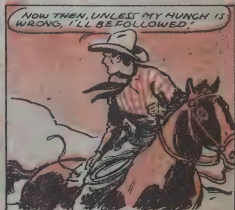
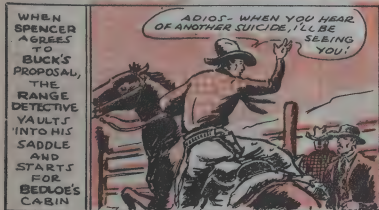
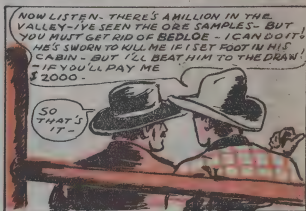
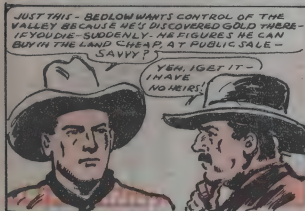
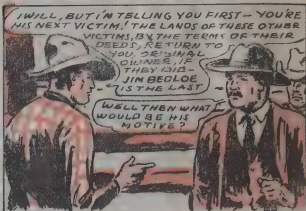
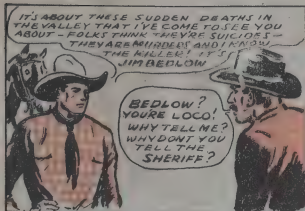


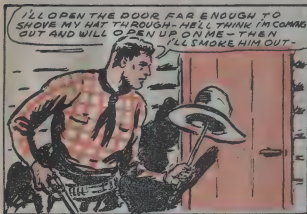
THAT GIVES ME A
REAL HUNCH - NOW I'LL
GET ON DOWN TO
JIM BEDLOW'S
CABIN - SHERIFF
SAID HE LIVES
ALONE



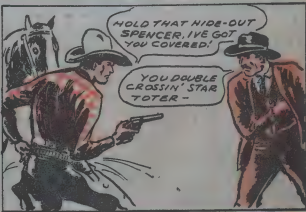
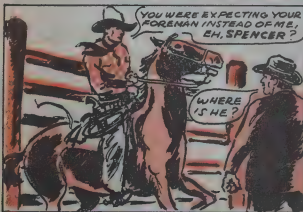
DON'T SEEM TO BE ANYBODY
ABOUT - PLACE
LOOKS DESERTED!







WHAM! A BULLET PLOWS THROUGH BUCK'S HAT THE MOMENT IT APPEARS! INSTANTLY BUCK SENDS A BULLET CRASHING AT A BLUR BEHIND THE BOULDERS



THE GRIMSON AVENGER

FEARED BY THE UNDER-
WORLD AND HUNTED BY THE
POLICE, THE GRIMSON CARRIES
ON THE WORK OF BEFRINDING
THE HELPLESS. KNOWN AS THE
CRIMSON TO ONLY HIS CHINESE
SERVANT, WING, LEE TRAVIS
IS THE WEALTHY YOUNG
LEADER

Jim Chambers



IN THE OFFICES OF THE UNION LEADER—

THEY'RE PICKIN' OFF
THE BIG GANGSTERS. I
WONDER WHO'S NEXT!

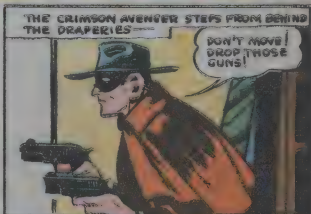
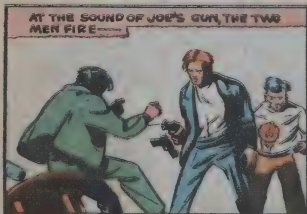
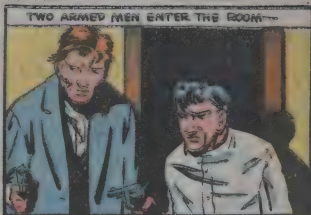
WELL, MURDER IS
MURDER AND THE
FELLOW MUST BE
CAUGHT!

THE RACKETEERS ARE
PLENTY SCARED! RED
NELSON AM' LITTLE JOE
ARE HAVING A MEETING
TONIGHT. I GOT A TIP.

HM, THEY'RE GOING
TO FIGHT THIS
THING. I'D LIKE TO
BE THERE TONIGHT.

THAT NIGHT A SHADOWY FIGURE CLIMBS THE
FIRE ESCAPE TOWARD NELSON'S APARTMENT.

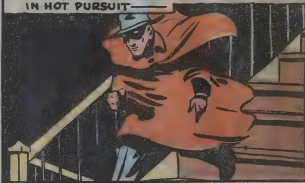
HM, THERE'S RED
AND JOE. GUESS
THE OTHERS HAVEN'T
ARRIVED YET.



AS THE RADIO WHINES, THE FIGURES MOVE
TOWARD THE DOOR —



SEEING THEM ENTER AN ELEVATOR, THE
CRIMSON DASHES DOWN THE STAIRS
IN HOT PURSUIT —



THE CRIMSON LEAPS TO THE NEXT ROOF —



— AND THEN TO THE GROUND —



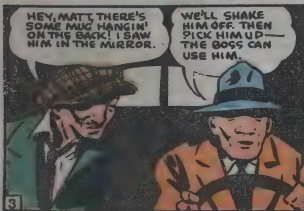
THE CRIMSON LEAPS ON BACK OF THE CAR THE MEN GOT INTO —

JUST MADE IT. NOW
I'LL GET TO THE BOTTOM
OF THIS BUSINESS, I
HOPE!



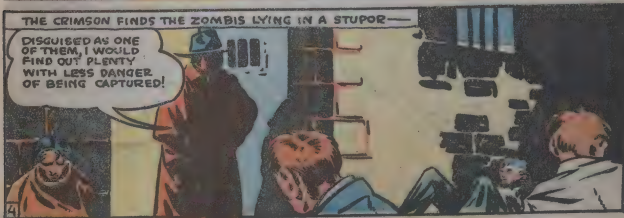
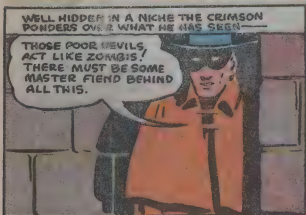
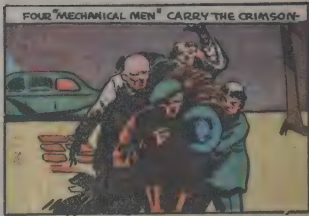
HEY, MATT, THERE'S
SOME MUG HANGIN'
ON THE BACK! I SAW
HIM IN THE MIRROR.

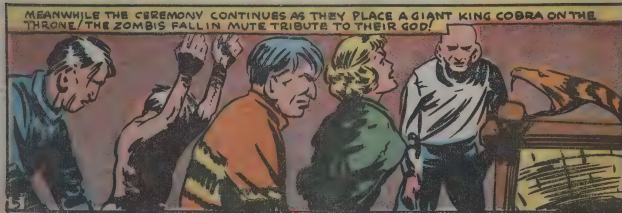
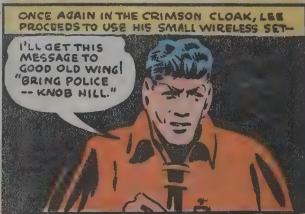
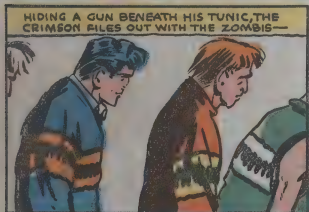
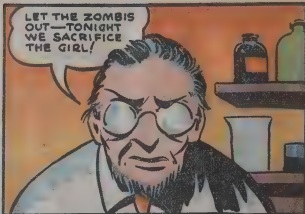
WE'LL SHAKE
HIM OFF. THEN
PICK HIM UP —
THE BOSS CAN
USE HIM.



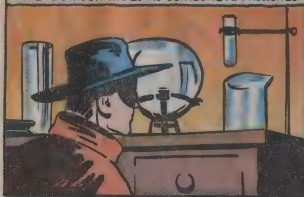
AS THEY HIT A TERRIFIC BUMP —







THE CRIMSON HIDES AS SOMEONE APPROACHES—



WHAT TH—!



IN THE THRONE ROOM THE ZOMBIS ARE COMMANDED TO RUSH THE CRIMSON—



THE POLICE ARRIVE—



YOU'LL HAVE TO GO ON ALONE FROM HERE, MISS PERRY! I CAN'T FACE THE POLICE.

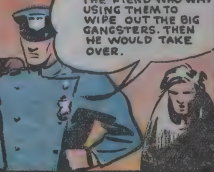
YOU KNOW MY NAME! WHO ARE YOU?



WE GOT 'EM ALL, SARGE. I COULD OF SWORN I SAW THE CRIMSON, THO! WHAT SORT OF A RACKET WAS THIS?



THESE POOR DEVILS WERE THE POWER OF THE FIEND WHO WAS USING THEM TO WIPE OUT THE BIG GANGSTERS. THEN HE WOULD TAKE OVER.



WATCH FOR MORE THRILLS WITH THE CRIMSON AVENGER IN THE NEXT ISSUE.



BRUCE NELSON

by
Tom Hickey

Gamblers
Waterloo.

ONE FALL AFTERNOON
THE TRAIN ROLLED INTO
PRINCELEY JUNCTION, THE
HOME OF PRINCELEY UNIVER-
SITY. BRUCE NELSON STEP-
PED DOWN TO THE PLATFORM.



HE MADE HIS WAY UP THE FAMILIAR CUM
SHADED STREET TOWARDS THE UNIVERSITY.



WELL IF IT ISN'T
BRUCE NELSON! IT'S
GOOD TO SEE YOU MY
BOY. DOWN FOR
SATURDAY'S BIG
GAME, I SUPPOSE?

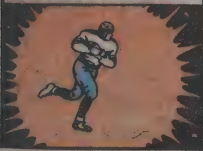


PROFESSOR
GRIGSBY! HOW
ARE YOU? —
YES, IN A WAY
I AM.

HE WENT DOWN OSBORNE STREET AND
CUT ACROSS ONE OF THE LARGE SOCCER AND
LACROSSE FIELDS, COMING FINALLY TO THE
GATES OF GIANT'S PRESTON STADIUM.



HE ENTERED THE LONG PASSAGE WAY THAT
LED TO THE DRESSING ROOM AND THEN ON TO
THE PLAYING FIELD. HE STOOD THERE A
MOMENT LOOKING OUT OVER THE FAMILIAR
BATTLE-SCARRED TURF AND HIS MIND FLASHED
BACK OVER A SHORT FIVE YEAR SPAN WHEN HE
WAS THE START OF THIS SETTING?



OUT ON THE FIELD IN THE GATHERING
DUSK THREE TEAMS WERE RUNNING
THRU SIGNAL PRACTICE. A KNEE-VEYED
HANDLY FACED, GRAY-HAIRED MAN WATCHED
THEM INTENTLY.



GOOD OLD POP BARRIS. THE
BEST COACH AND PAL THAT EVER
LIVED.



HELLO YOU OLD RASCAL!
HOW'S THE WORLD'S LUCKIEST COACH?

SO YOU FINALLY
GOT WISE TO ME, EH?
— YOU'RE LOOKING
GREAT BRUCE. — I'M
SURE GLAD YOU COULD
COME.



I UNDERSTAND YOU'VE GOT
QUITE A TEAM THIS YEAR, POP.

IT'S NOT AS GOOD AS IT'S
CRACKED UP TO BE, BRUCE.
IT'S A ONE MAN BALL CLUB.

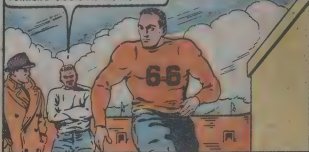


POP'S WHISTLE SHRIELLED.

ALL RIGHT BOYS! THAT'S ALL. IN ON THE
RUN!
JORDAN! HAVE
MAX TAKE A
GOOD LOOK AT
THAT KNEE.



AND THERE GOES MY BALL CLUB, JIM BAKER. HE'S
THE BEST BACK I'VE HAD SINCE YOU WERE IN SCHOOL. MY
WHOLE TEAM IS BUILT AROUND HIM. HE'S THE REASON WHY
I CALLED YOU DOWN HERE.



THAT EVENING AFTER DINNER AT POP BARRIS' HOME.

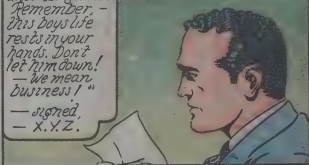
HERE'S THE REASON WHY I SENT FOR YOU BRUCE.
I RECEIVED THIS LETTER DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY. I DON'T
KNOW WHETHER IT'S A HOAX OR THEY REALLY MEAN BUSINESS.



"Baker must not play against Monmouth
Saturday. If he does, he'll never play in
another game.

Remember —
this boys life
rests in your
hands. Don't
let him down!
— we mean
business! "

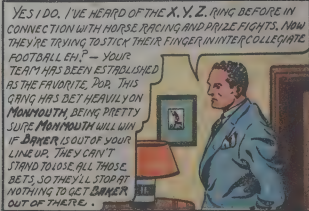
— signed,
— X. Y. Z.



IT LOOKS TO ME AS IF A GAMBLER WAS TRYING TO PROTECT
HIMSELF AND TRYING TO SCARE ME OUT OF USING BAKER. HE
KNOWS I CAN'T WIN WITHOUT HIM. MONMOUTH WOULD BE A
SURE THING IF WE DIDN'T HAVE BAKER. HOW ABOUT IT BRUCE?
DO YOU THINK ANY
ONE WOULD HAVE
NERVE ENOUGH TO
TRY AND KILL
THE BOY?



YES I DO. I'VE HEARD OF THE X. Y. Z. RING BEFORE IN
CONNECTION WITH HORSE RACING AND PRIZE FIGHTS. NOW
THEY'RE TRYING TO STICK THEIR FINGER IN INTERCOLLEGIATE
FOOTBALL EH? — YOUR
TEAM HAS BEEN ESTABLISHED
AS THE FAVORITE, POP. THIS
GANG HAS BET HEAVILY ON
MONMOUTH, BEING PRETTY
SURE MONMOUTH WILL WIN
IF BAKER IS OUT OF YOUR
LINE UP. THEY CAN'T
STAND TO LOSE ALL THOSE
BETS, SO THEY'LL STOP AT
NOTHING TO GET BAKER
OUT OF THERE.



I CAN'T PROMISE ANYTHING POP, BUT I'LL TRY AND CLEAR THIS UP SO YOU CAN START BAKER AND RUD MONMOUTH RIGHT OFF THE MAP. — BY THE WAY, DOES TONY DE NATHALE STILL RUN THE BLUE GOOSE?

YEH, THEY CLOSED DOWN ON HIM A COUPLE OF TIMES FOR RUNNING A GAMBLING JOINT, BUT HE'S OPEN AGAIN AND GOING STRONG, I UNDERSTAND.

THE BLUE GOOSE WAS A VERY MODERN HOT SPOT FIVE MILES OUT OF PRINCELEY. IT WAS RUN BY AN ITALIAN OF SHADY REPUTATION AND FREQUENTED A GOOD DEAL BY STUDENTS, CHIEFLY BECAUSE THE UNIVERSITY FROWNED UPON IT.

NELSON RENTED A CAR AND WENT SPINNING UP THE SUNSET TURNPIKE TOWARDS THE BLUE GOOSE INN.

GOOD EVENING SIR.

G'WAN! SOMEBODY TOLD YOU.

NELSON WANDERED INTO THE BAR.

WELL IF IT ISN'T THE OLD ALL-AMERICAN HIMSELF! DOWN FOR THE BIG GAME, NELSON?

HELLO TONY. HOW'S BUSINESS?

PRINCELEY HAS A GREAT TEAM THIS YEAR. THAT BOY BAKER IS A WOW! I SUPPOSE YOUR TRUE TO THE OLD ALMA MATER AND ARE BACKING THEM STRONG, EN NELSON?

NO TONY. THIS TIME LOGIC IS GOING TO RULE OVER LOYALTY FOR PRINCELEY. THEY'VE PLAYED TOO TOUGH A SCHEDULE AND THEY'RE TIRED OUT WHILE MONMOUTH HAS BEEN POINTING FOR THIS GAME.

SEEING AS YOU'RE SO STRONG FOR PRINCELEY I'LL BET YOU THREE GRAND, EVEN MONEY, THAT MONMOUTH TAKES THEM. — WHAT DO YOU SAY?

HA, HA, YOU'RE JOKING. YOU WOULDN'T BET AGAINST PRINCELEY. AND EVEN IF YOU WEREN'T I NEVER TAKE EASY MONEY FROM OLD FRIENDS. — ENJOY YOURSELF — SEE YOU LATER.



IF I COULD GET UP STAIRS TO DINATALE'S PRIVATE OFFICE, I MIGHT FIND SOME PAPERS OR LETTERS OR SOMETHING THAT MIGHT PROVE USEFUL. — HE WENT INTO THE DINING ROOM. HE'LL PROBABLY BE THERE AWHILE. — I THINK I'LL CHANCE IT.



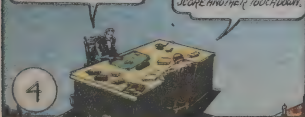
THE DOOR TO DINATALE'S PRIVATE OFFICE WAS UNLOCKED. NELSON WAS RUMMAGING AROUND UNSUCCESSFULLY WHEN HE HEARD FOOTSTEPS IN THE HALL OUTSIDE.



Someone's coming!

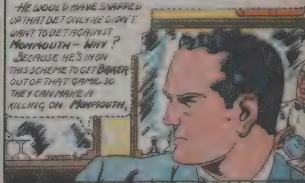
WELL PETE, I'VE TAKEN IN ABOUT ONE HUNDRED GRAND IN PRINCELEY MONEY. IF MONMOUTH DOESN'T WIN WE'LL BE RUINED FOR GOOD. ARE YOU SURE IT'S SAFE?

DON'T WORRY, MONMOUTH WILL WIN. IF THAT LETTER TO DOP BAKER DOESN'T KEEP BAKER OUT OF THE LINE UP, I'VE GOT TIRED SO BAKER WILL NEVER SCORE ANOTHER TOUCHDOWN.



4

HE NEVER TAKES EASY MONEY FROM OLD FRIENDS — NUTS! THAT GUT THORP WOULD MURDER HIS GRANDMOTHER FOR A DIME. HE WOULD HAVE SWAPPED UP THAT BET ONLY HE DIDN'T WANT TO BET AGAINST MONMOUTH — WHY? BECAUSE HE'S IN ON THIS SCHEME TO GET BAKER OUT OF THAT GAME SO THEY CAN MAKE A KILLING ON MONMOUTH.



So far — so good.



HE DUCKED INTO A PARTLY CURTAINED ALCOVE JUST AS DINATALE AND A LARGE HEAVY SET MAN ENTERED THE ROOM.



WELL I'LL BE —! IT'S BIG PETE. RINE, THE BIGGEST GAMBLER IN THE EAST.

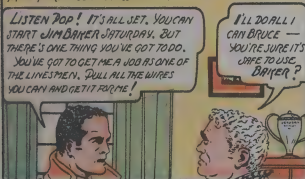
HERE'S THE SET UP. THE HEAD LINES MAN IN THAT QUOTE SATURDAY IS HAROLD THORPE. YOU'VE HEARD OF HIM. HE'S THE FAMOUS BIG GAME HUNTER. WELL HE —



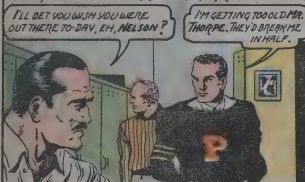
NELSON LISTENED TO THEIR PLAN FROM HIS PLACE OF CONCEALMENT. THE BOLDNESS AND COLD BLOODINESS OF IT MADE HIM GASP.



HE DASHED UP TO POP BARRIS' HOUSE AND HAULED THE GREY HAIRC COACH FROM BED.



DOWN IN THE OFFICIALS DRESSING ROOM NELSON MAKES THE ACQUAINTANCE OF HARRISON THORPE, THE HEAD LINESMAN.



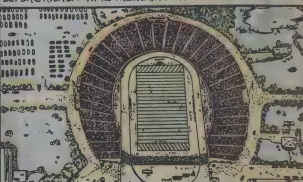
MONMOUTH WON THE TOSS AND KICKED OFF TO PRINCELEY.



THE CONVERSATION LASTED ABOUT HALF AN HOUR. THEN THE TWO GAMBLERS LEFT THE ROOM. NELSON MANAGED TO ESCAPE SAFELY AND HEADED BACK INTO TOWN.



SATURDAY DAWNED CLEAR AND CRISP. FIFTEEN MINUTES BEFORE KICKOFF TIME THE HUGE STADIUM WAS NEARLY FULL.



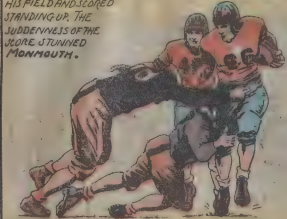
WHILE ACROSS THE HALL IN THE PRINCELEY DRESSING ROOM POP BARRIS ISSUES FINAL INSTRUCTIONS TO THE TEAM.



BAKER CAUGHT IT ON HIS OWN FIVE YARD LINE AND BEHIND BEAUTIFULL BLOCKING WENT ALL THE WAY DOWN TO THE MONMOUTH THIRTY WHERE HE WAS STOPPED.



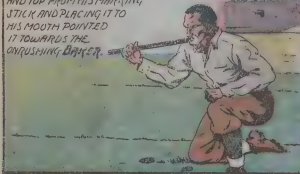
SIMPSON GAINED THREE YARDS AND BAKER PICKED UP TWO MORE, THEN ON THIRD DOWN HE SLASHED OFF TACKLE, REVERSED HIS FIELD AND SCORED
STANDING UP. THE SUDDENNESS OF THE SCORE STUNNED MONMOUTH.



FOLLOWING THE SCORE POP DECIDED TO PLAY SAFE AND WITH DREW BAKER. IN THE THIRD QUARTER A DETERMINED MONMOUTH TEAM SCORED. THEY CONVERTED AND TOOK THE LEAD.
7-6



BUT NELSON WASN'T WATCHING BAKER, HE WAS WATCHING THORPE. THE HEADLINESMAN HURRIEDLY REMOVED THE TIP AND TOP FROM HIS MARKING STICK AND PLACING IT TO HIS MOUTH POINTED IT TOWARDS THE ONRUSHING BAKER.

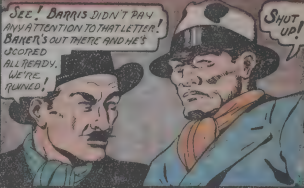


THORPE DROPPED THE STICK AND LOOKED UP IN AGONIZED SURPRISE, A BULLETHOLE THROUGH HIS HAND, AS BAKER SPED DOWN THE FIELD TO THE WINNING TOUCHDOWN.



UPON THE STAND BY ASHEN TONY D'NATHALE CROAKED AT BIG PETE RINES.

SEE! BARRIS DIDN'T PAY ANY ATTENTION TO THAT LETTER! BAKER'S OUT THERE AND HE'S SCORED ALL READY. WE'RE RUINED!



IN THE FOURTH QUARTER IT HAPPENED. WITH THE DALLON PRINCELEY'S TWENTY YARD LINE BAKER WHOOED HIMSELF FLOOSE AROUND MONMOUTH'S LEFT END. HIS BLOCKERS MOVED UP THE SECONDARY. IT WAS OBVIOUS BAKER WAS LOOSE FOR A LONG-RUN, PROBABLY A TOUCHDOWN. HE VEERED TOWARD THE SIDE LINE, DIRECTLY TOWARD THORPE AND NELSON.



WITHOUT HESITATION, NELSON WHIPPED OUT A SMALL GUN WITH A JILKENER AND FIRED.



AFTER THE GAME IN POP BARRIS' OFFICE IN THE GYM.

YES, POP, THIS HARMLESS LOOKING THING ALL MOST MEANT THE DEATH OF YOUNG JIM DRAKER. WITH THE TIP AND TOP REMOVED IT BECAME A BLOW GUN FOR SHOOTING POISON DARTS.

YOU KNOW HARRISON THORPE WAS A BIG GAME HUNTER AND THE SAVAGES THAT USE THESE THINGS TAUGHT THORPE HOW WHEN HE WAS AMONGST THEM. I PLUGGED HIM JUST AS HE WAS ABOUT TO KICK ONE INTO BAKER.



THE yard of the American and Western Railroad at San Francisco buzzed with activity and excitement. And the reason for it all was that the company's crack train, the Flying Ace, was about to leave on its second and possibly the record run between the Golden Gate City and Salt Lake City, over 500 miles away.

It whistled through Sacramento and was checked far ahead of schedule as it streaked by Carson City. And that was the last heard of the Flying Ace for some time, for it seemed to have disappeared completely from the face of the earth!

The officials of the American and

"Please don't be alarmed . . . at least, not too much," said the mysterious stranger. "You see, this happens to be a train robbery. You've probably seen it occur time and again in the moving pictures. The purpose of the robbery, of course, is to secure the \$3,000,000 in gold that now rests in the baggage car. If you re-

RAILROAD RIDDLE

By

Paul Dyer

The very fact that the company intended to break the existing record would have caused keen anticipation. But added to this was the interesting news that the Flying Ace would also carry \$3,000,000 in gold bullion for the Federal Bank in Salt Lake City.

The train crew went over every inch of the Flying Ace, checking and re-checking the engine, polishing and cleaning its stainless steel body till it glistened like a huge silver bar in the morning sunlight. The gold bullion was loaded into the freight car directly behind the engine and the doors were then sealed and locked. The passengers consisted of several officials of the American and Western, and numerous dignitaries representing the cities of San Francisco and Salt Lake City. The time-pieces were set and the word was given for the Flying Ace to start its record-breaking attempt. Amid the shouting, band playing, flag waving and general fanfare that accompanies such occasions the long silvery train rolled out of the western terminal and raced along the tracks with fascinating speed, increasing steadily with each tick of the clock.

Western sank back with ease and satisfaction in the comfortable chairs in the drawing room and chuckled contentedly.

"If this won't make our competitors sit up and take notice, nothing will!" laughed Harvey Gray, vice-president of the road. He chewed on



a fat cigar and beamed cheerfully at the blurred scenery outside the window.

At that instant, the train slowed down and finally came to a halt. Gray leaped to his feet and raced through the car to the front platform. "What's happened? Why has the train been stopped? What's the meaning of all this?" he shouted, purple in the face.

The door in the rear of the car opened and the figure of a man entered. His face was covered with a black bandana, and in his hands he held two nasty looking automatics. He waved them at the startled officials and motioned Gray to be seated. The vice-president paled and slumped into a chair.

main quiet and do just as you are told, I guarantee no harm will come to you."

Gray jumped to his feet. "But you can't do this! You can't get away with it!"

"But I'm afraid I can," the stranger answered. "I've made excellent and minute preparations for this one task. And you must admit that it'll be worth my while!"

He stepped out and closed the door behind him. Gray and the others dashed for the door but found it locked, as was the exit at the other end of the car.

THE train started forward again. The officials pressed their faces against the window panes to catch a glimpse of someone or something that might explain this unbelievable occurrence. They rolled along slowly and then the Flying Ace switched from the main line and headed down a siding that ran between the walls of a narrow canyon. The train continued for about an eighth of a mile and then came to another stop.

From the windows Gray and the others could see several masked men marching the gagged conductors, with their hands bound behind their backs, to a roughly constructed shed. There came a clicking at the lock and the door to the drawing car opened and the stranger with the automatics appeared.

"You will leave the car, gentlemen, and proceed to the shack at the end of the tracks." He kept the pistols in readiness as the officials filed out one by one. In the small, wooden building each of the passengers was

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tied hand and foot. In one corner Gray saw the bound figure of Jenkins, the old and trusted engineer of the Flying Ace. Standing over him, though, was the fireman, neither bound nor gagged but holding an automatic in his hand. He, at least, explained how these holdup men accomplished the deed; he was one of the gang.

The doors of the baggage car were forced open and the masked men proceeded to carry out the bars of gold and stack them on the floor of the shack. This process required fifteen or twenty minutes at the end of which the holdup men directed their prisoners into the empty baggage car and locked them in.

There were five in all, the disguised fireman and the four masked bandits; and returning to the shack, they prepared to dispose of their valuable haul.

"The whole thing was quite simple," remarked the obvious leader, taking off the black bandana covering his face.

"Perhaps," said one of the bandits, "but this little episode hasn't been completed yet!"

"I don't understand what you mean," replied the first one.

"Just this," the other answered, and bringing his arms up he leveled a pair of gleaming automatics at the group. "Right along you apparently thought that I was Nick Dozzi, one of your pals; but I'm afraid you've

been a bit mistaken. You see, Nick is now resting in the city jail in San Francisco; we picked him up right after you fellows had your final meeting to work out the plans of holding the Flying Ace up. Maybe you weren't aware of the fact that the Federal Bureau of Investigation has been trailing your outfit for the past three months, just waiting for an opportunity like this to nab you all together!"



He disarmed the four bandits and binding each one securely, locked them in the shed. Removing his mask, the G-man then walked back to the baggage car and freed the startled

and somewhat frightened officials. To their utter relief he explained the entire story and suggested that the four bandits be placed in the baggage car together with the gold bullion they so eagerly desired, and returned to San Francisco. Gray and the others heartily approved the plan and within an hour, the Flying Ace backed out of the siding onto the main track. Several hours later it rolled into the Pacific Coast terminal.

The morning papers ran large, glaring headlines about the frustrated holdup and people by the thousands bought copies to read the unique story of the kidnaping of a railroad train.

"We didn't break the record," said Vice-President Gray, shaking the G-man's hand before a crowd of newspaper reporters and motion picture photographers. "But we did save \$3,000,000 in gold and every bit of credit goes to you for the way you rounded up the bandits single handed!"

The Federal agent smiled. "It's very kind of you to say that but I'm afraid that I wasn't entirely responsible for the arrest of those men. You must remember that I had the full cooperation of the Federal Bureau of Investigation behind me!"

The reporters jotted down the remarks and the cameras clicked on this modest hero.

THE END

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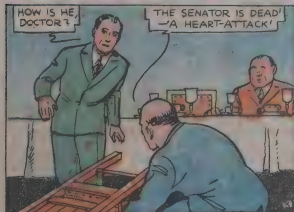
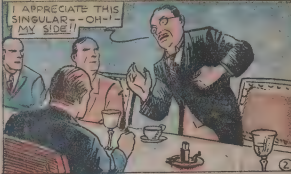
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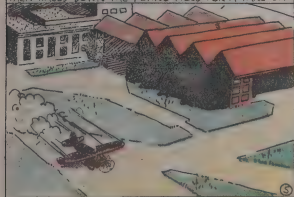
A GREAT LUNCHEON AFFAIR--HELD IN HONOR OF A FAMOUS SENATOR--IS SENT INTO PANDEMONIUM AS THE GUEST-OF-HONOR COLLAPSES---



A POPULAR FLIER, IDOL OF THE NATION, WAVES A CHEERY GOODBYE TO PHOTOGRAPHERS AND FRIENDS--



THEN RACES DOWN THE FLYING-FIELD FOR A TAKE-OFF.



HE NEVER LEAVES THE EARTH!--FOR HIS PLANE CRACKS UP!



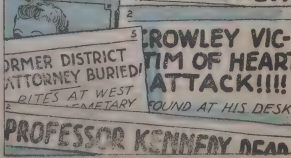
WHAT HAPPENED?

HE DIED AT THE CONTROLS! --HEART-ATTACK!



DAY AFTER DAY BRINGS NEWS OF THE DEATHS OF MORE AND MORE CELEBRITIES---

ACTRESS DIES AT PREVIEW



OFFICES OF U.S. SPY HEADQUARTERS---

SALLY AND BART, MEET
DICK KNIGHT, ANOTHER
OF OUR AGENTS.

PLEASED TO MEET
YOU, DICK!

I HOPE YOU'LL CON-
TINUE TO FEEL THAT
WAY AFTER THE CHIEF
EXPLAINS WHY WE'RE
BEING INTRODUCED!

FOR A LONG TIME I WAS BAFFLED. THE HEART-
ATTACKS APPEARED GENUINE ENOUGH. BUT ONE
DAY, WHILE SEARCHING THE EFFECTS OF ONE OF
THE DEATHS, I MADE A STRANGE DISCOVERY.

THERE HAS BEEN AN UNUSUALLY GREAT NUMBER OF
DEATHS THRU HEART-ATTACK, RECENTLY. AGENT
KNIGHT SUSPECTED THAT THESE DEATHS OF PROMI-
NENT INDIVIDUALS WERE NOT ACCIDENTAL, BUT
DELIBERATELY PLANNED AND EXECUTED. HE'LL TELL
YOU HIMSELF WHAT HE DISCOVERED.

THAT'S RIGHT. A BUTTON
FROM THE JACKET OF
ONE OF THE MURDERED
MEN!

BUT WHAT HAS A MERE
BUTTON TO DO WITH THE
DEATHS?

EXAMINATION SHOWED THAT THE BUTTON CON-
TAINED A MICROSCOPICALLY-SMALL RADIO-
MECHANISM. DO YOU SEE IT?

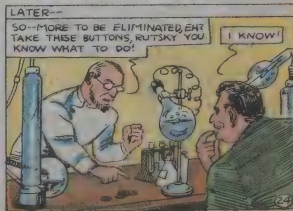
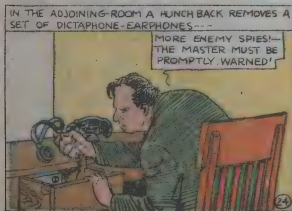
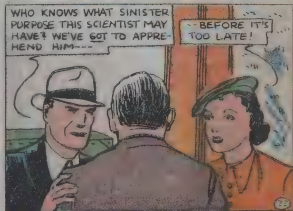
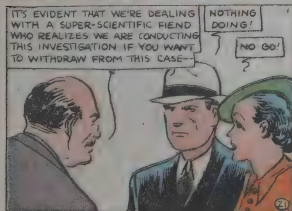
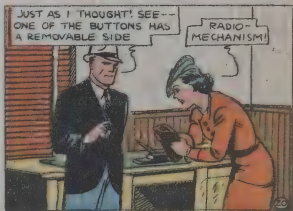
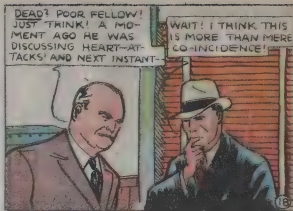
AND YOU
THINK--?

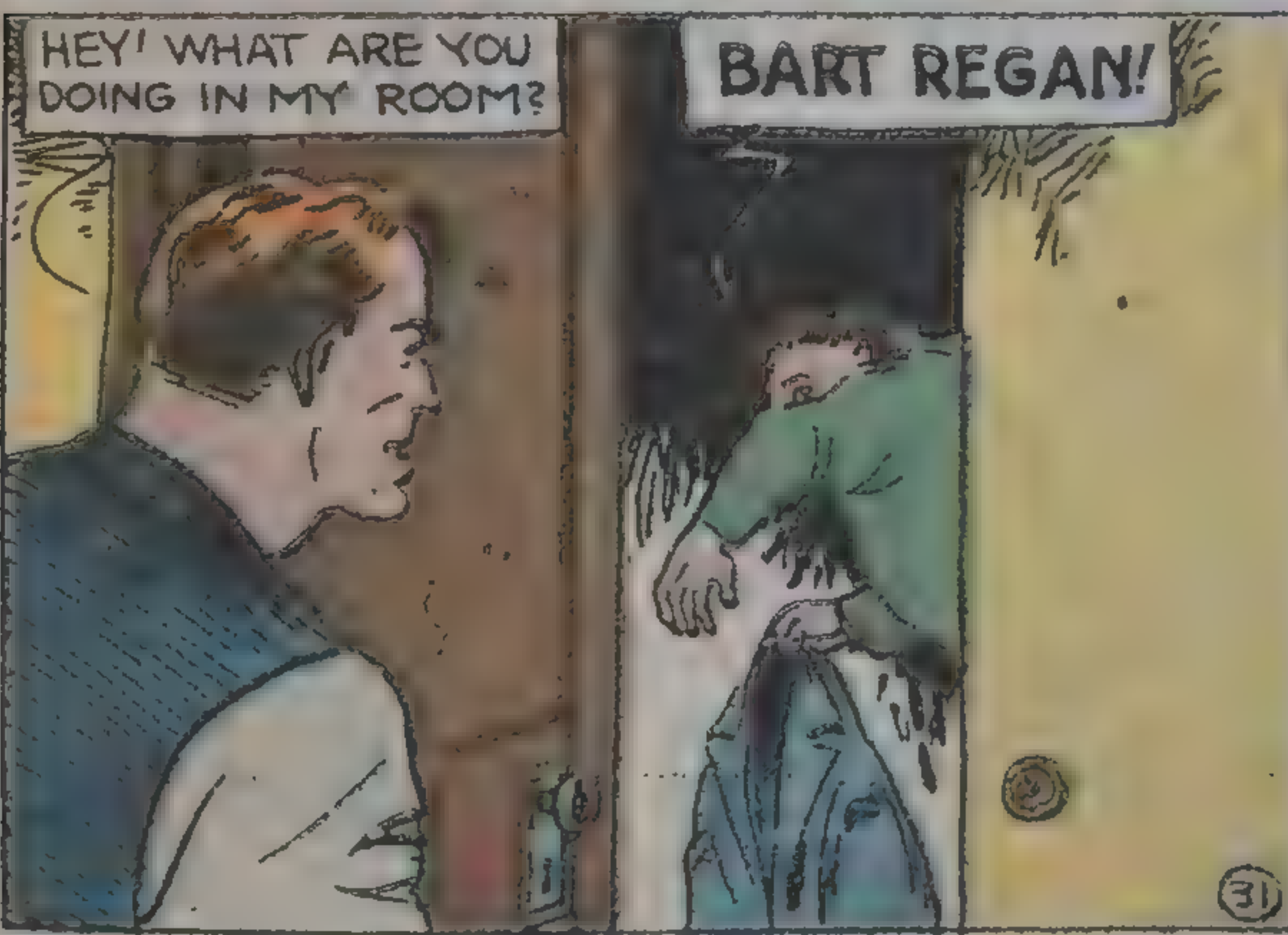
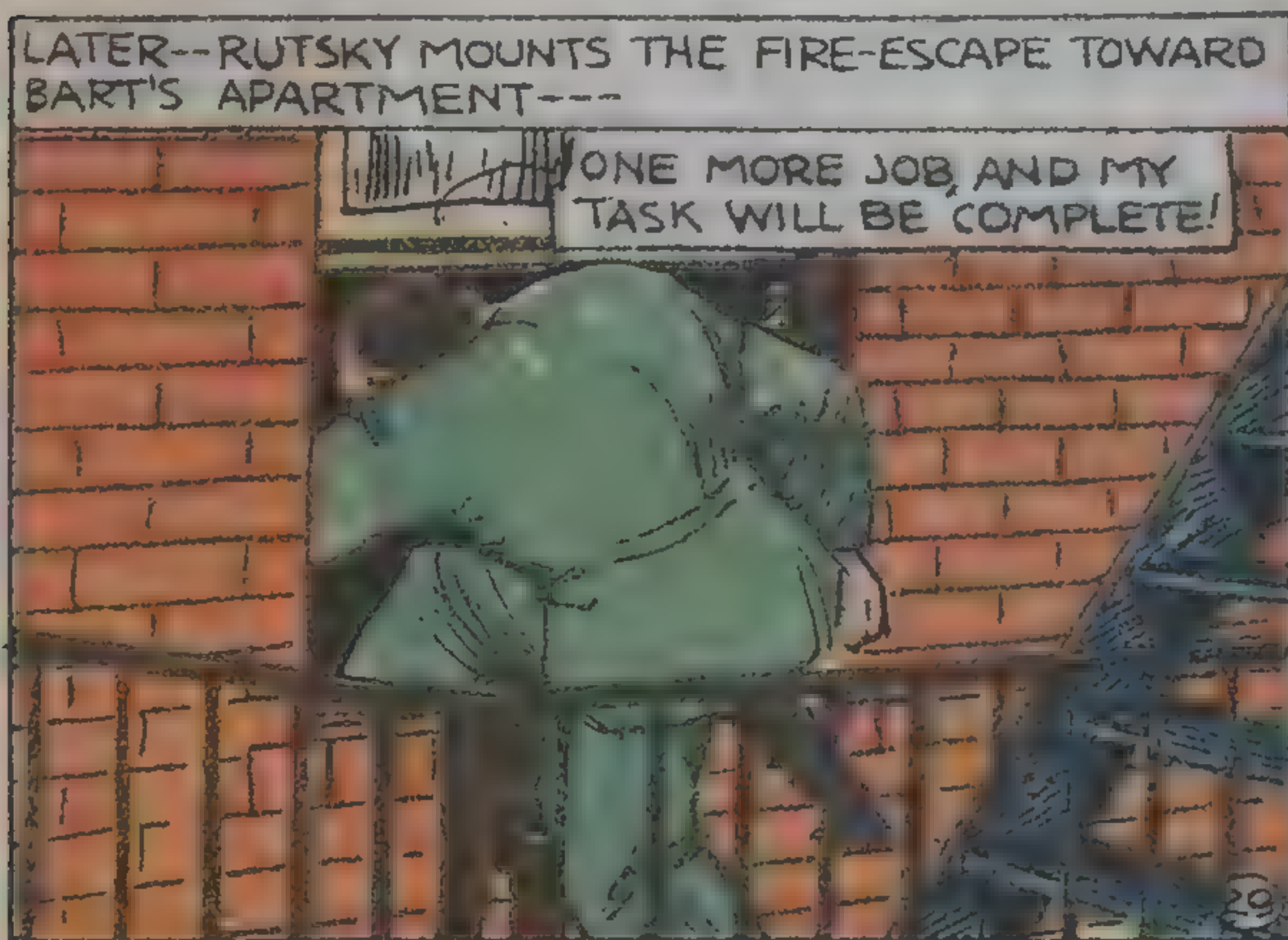
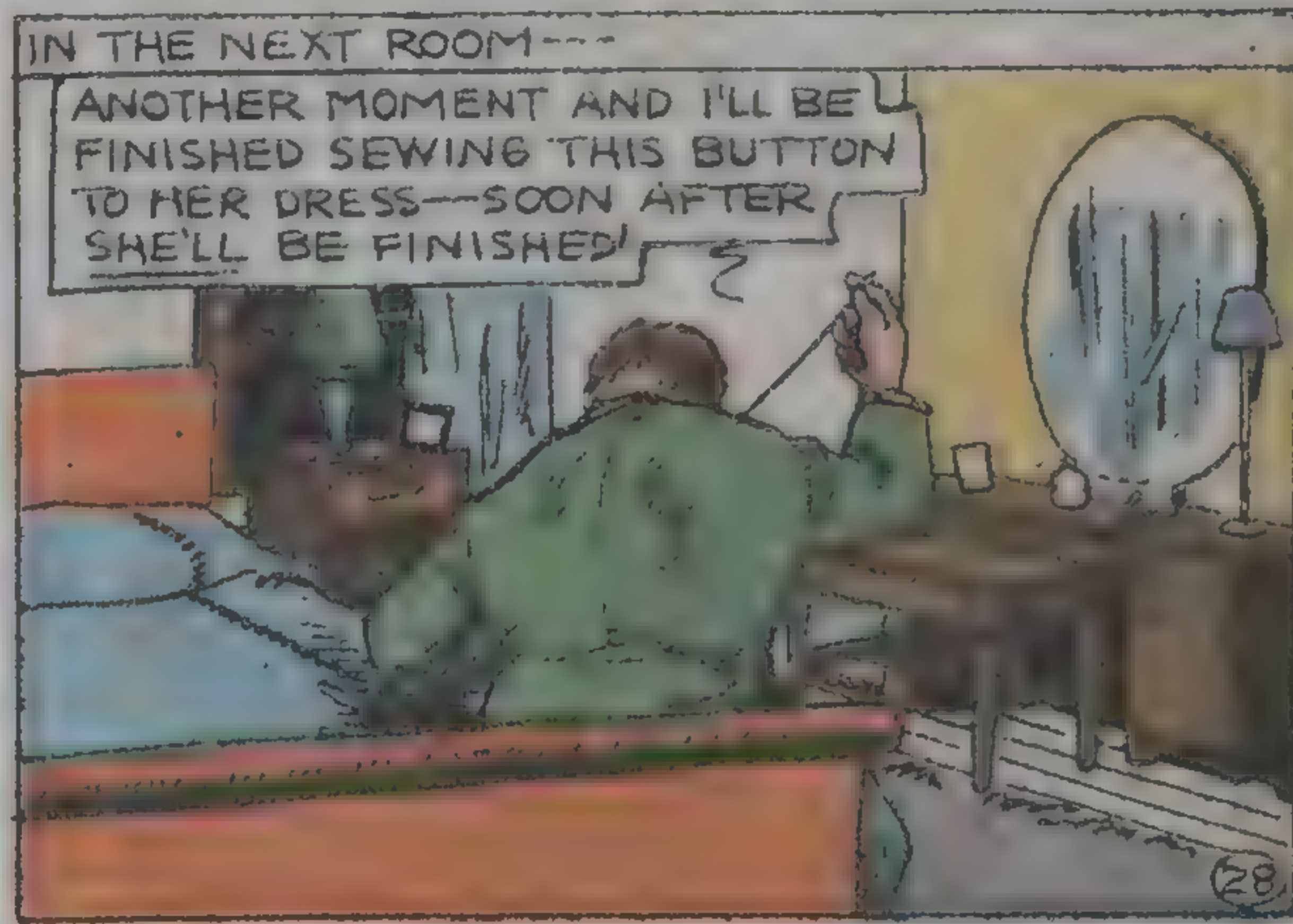
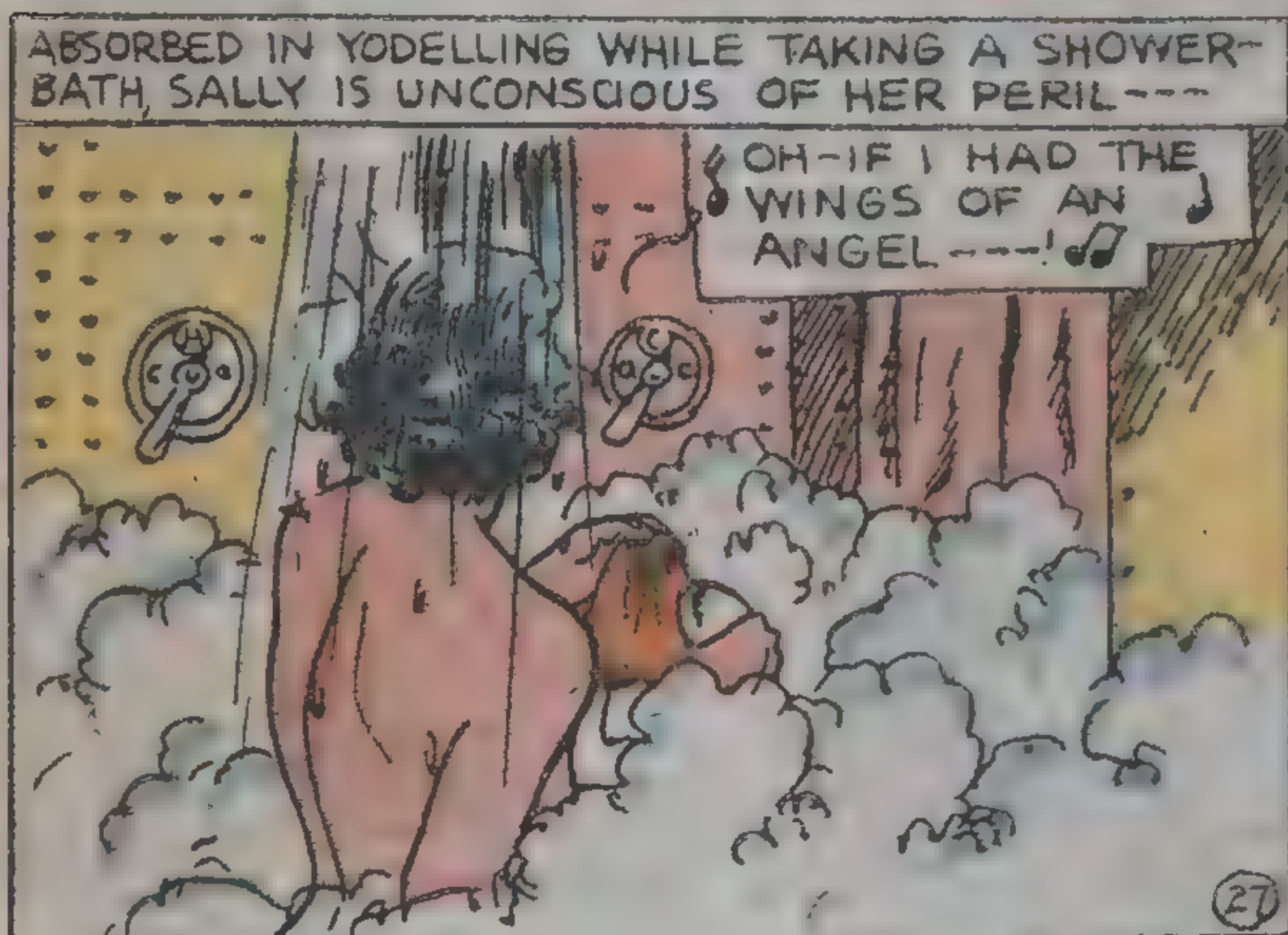
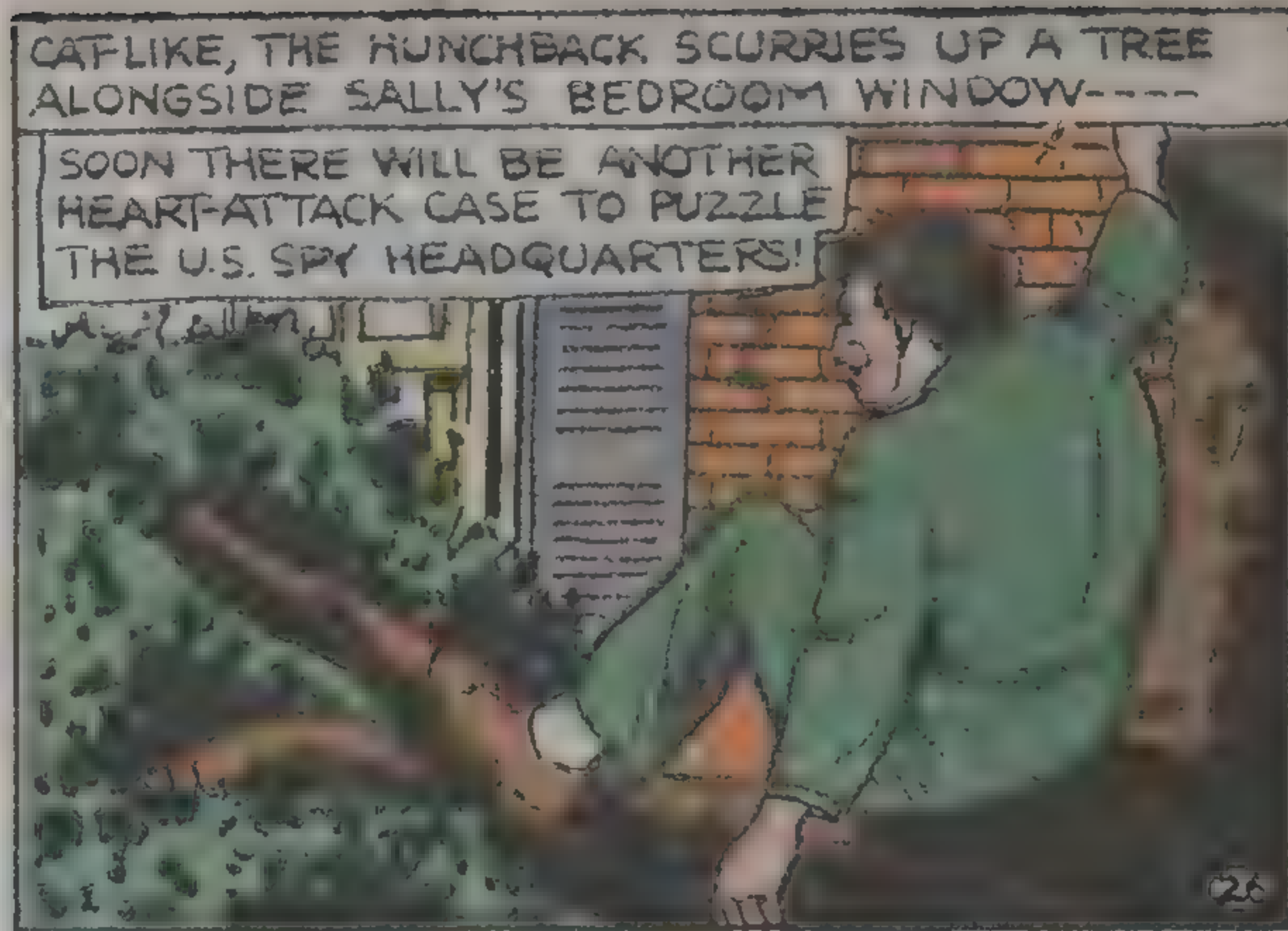
THAT IN SOME WAY-- JUST HOW I DON'T
KNOW-- THIS TIES UP WITH THE DEATHS--
FOR EVERY VICTIM OF HEART-ATTACK
HAD SUCH A BUTTON SUBSTITUTED ON
HIM!

I HAVE A DEFINITE
CLUE, THO! IT IS
THAT DOCTOR LAFORGE
--- OH-H!

WHAT'S
WRONG?

HE'S CLUTCHING
HIS SIDE!





SEIZING A CHAIR, RUTSKY LETS BART HAVE IT!



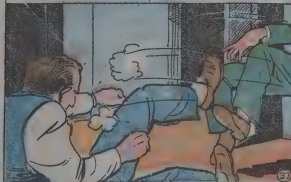
I'LL KILL YOU WITH MY OWN HANDS!—BUT AT 3:00 P.M. YOUR SWEETHEART DIES OF THE "BUTTON DEATH"!



RUTSKY'S WORDS PENETRATE TO BART'S DAZED BRAIN--



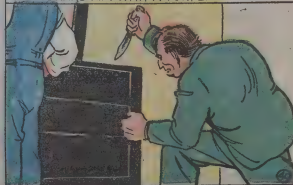
SUMMONING HIS LAST STRENGTH, BART KICKS OFF HIS OPPONENT IN ONE FINAL, DESPERATE EFFORT---

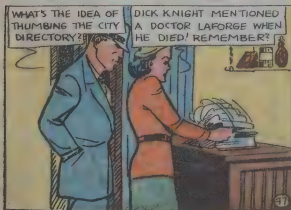
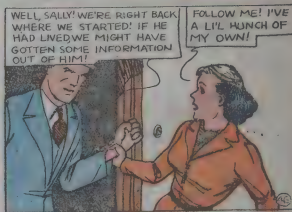
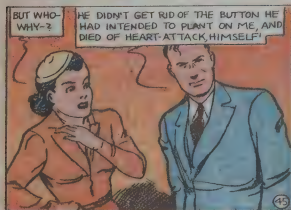
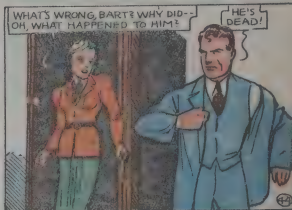
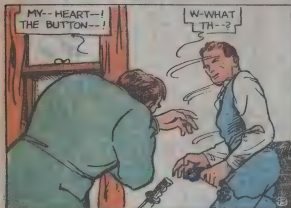
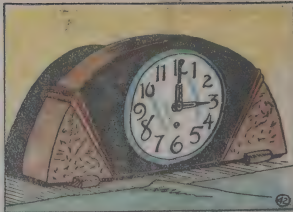


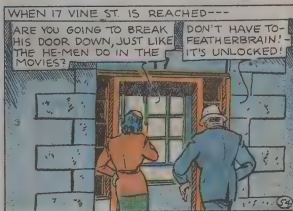
SALLY!—GET OUT OF YOUR DRESS AT ONCE! DON'T ASK QUESTIONS ---UNDRESS!

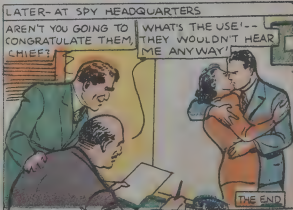
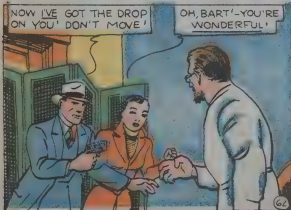
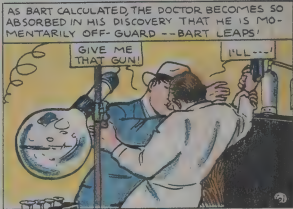
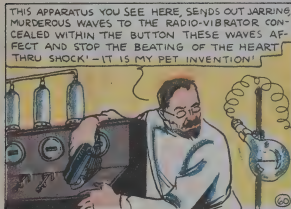
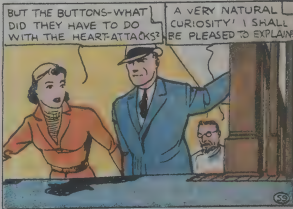
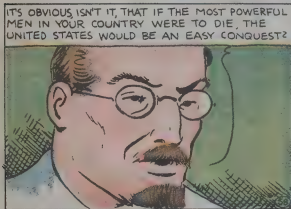
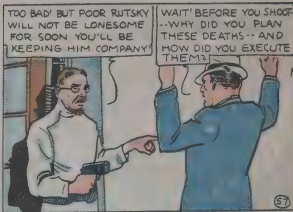
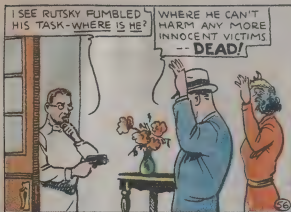


BART DOES NOT SEE THE REVIVED RUTSKY CREEP-ING TOWARD HIM WITH A KNIFE!



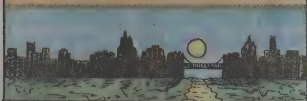






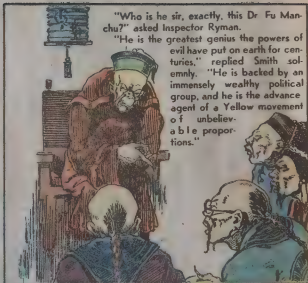
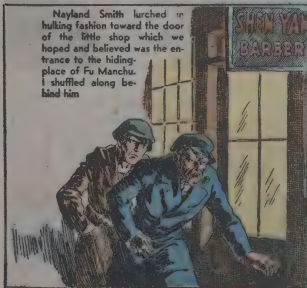
The Mysterious DOCTOR FU MANCHU!

By
SAX ROHMER



We went on deck as the launch drew closer in toward the murky shore, and Inspector Ryman ordered: "On your left, past the wooden pier! Not where the lamp is; beyond that, next to the dark square building, Shen Yan's."

Nayland Smith lurched in humping fashion toward the door of the little shop which we hoped and believed was the entrance to the hiding-place of Fu Manchu. I shuffled along behind him.

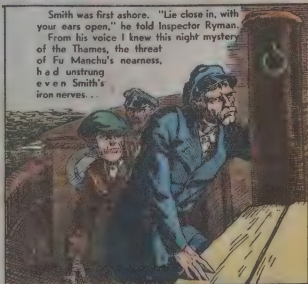


"Who is he sir, exactly, this Dr Fu Manchu?" asked Inspector Ryman.

"He is the greatest genius the powers of evil have put on earth for centuries," replied Smith solemnly. "He is backed by an immensely wealthy political group, and he is the advance agent of a Yellow movement of unbelievable proportions."

Smith was first ashore. "Lie close in, with your ears open," he told Inspector Ryman.

From his voice I knew this night mystery of the Thames, the threat of Fu Manchu's nearness, had unstrung even Smith's iron nerves...



Smith kicked the door open and clattered down three wooden steps. Suddenly he pulled himself up with a jerk, seizing my arm for support...

We stood in a bare and very dirty room, which could only claim kinship with a civilized barber shop by virtue of the grimy towel thrown across the back of the solitary chair. At the back was a curtain brocaded with filth.



As Smith and I stood regarding this ominous place with all our senses alert, the grimy curtain parted and the face of a Chinaman peered out at us. . . .

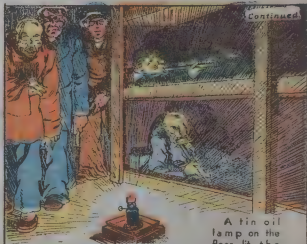
The Chinaman who approached Nayland Smith and me from behind the curtained doorway in Shen Yan's, chattered like a monkey: "No shave! Too late! Shuttee shop!" We guessed this was Shen Yan.



Smith shook his fist under Shen Yan's chin, and roared: "Get inside an' gimme an' my mate a couple o' pipes, Smokee pipe, you yellow scum! Savvy?"



"Allee lightee," the Chinaman said. "Full up, no room. You come see." He dived behind the curtain, Smith and I following. He ran up a dark stair. The next moment I found myself in a room which reeked with opium fumes



A tin oil lamp on the floor lit the horrible place, about the walls of which were ten or twelve bunks. One or two occupants sucked at their opium pipes, but the rest lay motionless—drugged.

KOP'S AND ROBBERS-



"IF YOU'LL SPLIT-I'LL GIVE YOU THE COMBINATION!"



"COULD I INTEREST YOU IN A LIFETIME SUBSCRIPTION?"



DIP (AMATEUR CAMERA BUG) "HO! HO! THIS ONE OUGHTA PANK THE WIFE AND KIDS!"



"CALLING ALL CARS! CALLING ALL CARS! WE NOW PRESENT SERGEANT O'TOOLE, OUR GUEST ANNOUNCER!"

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, etc., Required by the ACT OF CONGRESS of AUGUST 24, 1912, and MARCH 3, 1908. Of Detective Comics Magazine, published monthly at Baltimore, Md., for October, 1938.

State of New York, County of New York.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared J. S. Liebowitz, who, having been duly sworn according to law, depose and says that he is the Business Manager of the Detective Comics, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1908, embodied in section 587, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Detective Comics, Inc., 480 Lexington Avenue, New York City; Editor, V. Sullivan, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York City; Managing Editor, none; Business Manager, J. S. Liebowitz, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent. or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Detective Comics, Inc., 480 Lexington Avenue, New York City; Harry Desmond, 110 Riverside Drive, New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) NONE.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary position, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

(Signed) J. S. Liebowitz, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of September, 1938. (Signed) Alfred E. Taffe. (My commission expires March 30, 1940.)

Stamp Collectors' Corner

WILSON STAMP SALES

The sale of the recently issued Woodrow Wilson stamp rather exceeded the Postoffice Department expectations. It seems that many collectors are willing to spend one dollar for a first day item. A total of \$31,312 was paid for the stamps, of which \$24,618 went for first day philatelic covers.

Wonder how the five dollar Coolidge stamp will make out.

A GREAT LADY

Although Pierre and Marie Curie together pursued the research that led to radium's discovery, it is Marie Curie who is almost invariably thought of in connection with this great scientific achievement. A few years ago she was portrayed on a Turkish stamp issued as one of a series to commemorate the twelfth congress of the Women's International Alliance. Now husband and wife appear together on a stamp issued by France. The adhesive has a value of 1.75 franc plus 50 centimes, and is printed in lavender. It is a semi-postal issued in honor of the fortieth anniversary of the discovery of radium. The design pictures the famous physicists in their laboratory, and carries descriptive inscriptions. Funds derived from the sale of the stamp will be used for the International Union Against Cancer.

Pierre Curie was born in Paris in 1859. He became a professor of physics at the Sorbonne, where he met Marie Sklodowska. She was a Polish girl, daughter of an impoverished professor. Paris and scientific study were her dream, but the family could afford to educate but one daughter, and that was Marie's older sister. When the sister married, Marie finally reached Paris, where she lived in a state just above starvation. The young Polish student, then twenty-seven years old, met Professor Curie in 1894, and they were married the following year.

Together they labored for science, while Madame Curie kept house and tended her babies, dividing her time between home and laboratory. The discovery of radium was made in 1898, for which the Curies were awarded the Nobel Prize in Science. Many other honors followed, and fortune also could have been theirs had they wished for private gain rather than the welfare of mankind.

Two daughters were born to the devoted couple; in their family and work the Curies were completely happy. Their life together was ended by a traffic accident that took the life of Pierre on April 19, 1906.

The widowed Marie Curie was confronted with a prodigious task. Two young children to rear and the great scientific task to carry on. How she did

it is a wonderful tale. A second time she received the Nobel prize. In 1920 she visited the United States where she was enthusiastically received and presented with a gram of radium worth \$100,000. She received a second gram in 1929 and presented it to the hospitals of Poland.

When Marie Curie died on July 4th, 1934 the world lost the greatest woman scientist it had ever known, but it had gained a knowledge that was to give science and medicine a weapon of enormous power to fight the ills of mankind.

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WORLD'S SMALLEST AIRMAIL
DEPT. X, MIDWOOD STATION, BROOKLYN, N. Y.



COSMO, THE PHANTOM OF DISGUISE

♦ ♦ ILLUSTRATED BY SVEN ELVÉN ♦ ♦

A LONE FIGURE WALKS DOWN A QUIET STREET LATE AT NIGHT.



SUDDENLY A CAR DASHES OUT OF THE DARK AND THREE SHARP REPORTS BARK OUT.



THE FIGURE, UNHURT, DARTS INTO THE FIRST OPEN HALLWAY AS TWO OTHER FIGURES EMERGE FROM THE AUTO AND GIVE CHASE.



A HALF HOUR LATER COSMO IS AROUSED BY THE VIOLENT RINGING OF HIS DOORBELL.



WHY-WHAT'S THE MATTER?

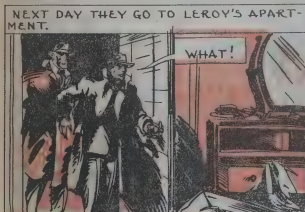
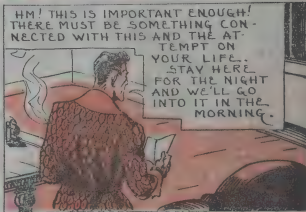
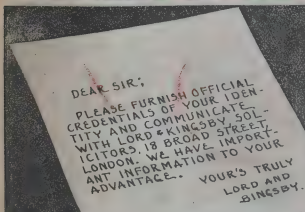
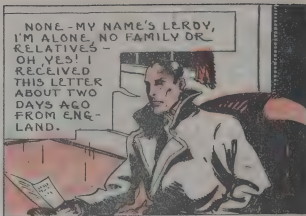
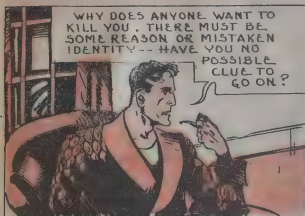
ARE YOU COSMO?

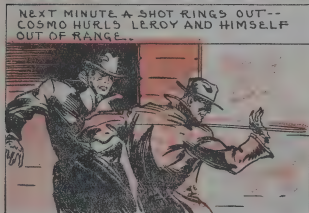
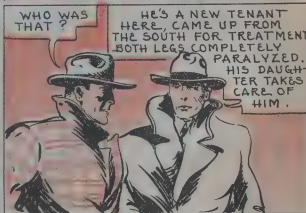
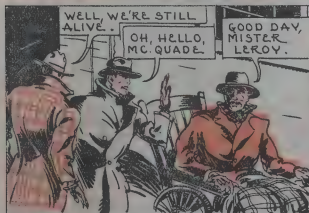
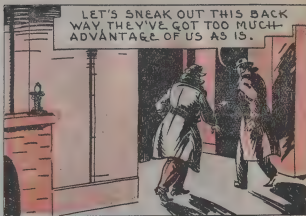
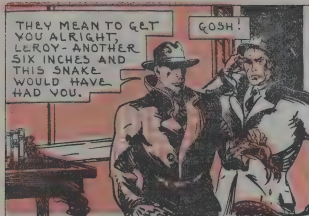


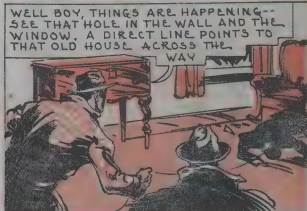
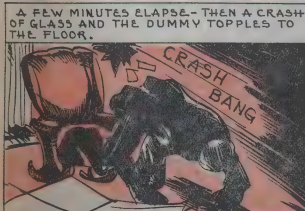
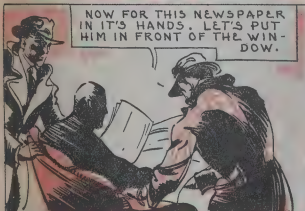
YES, COME IN- WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

SOMEBODY IS TRYING TO MURDER ME-- I WAS JUST SHOT AT--



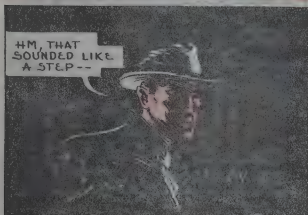




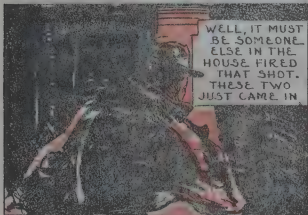
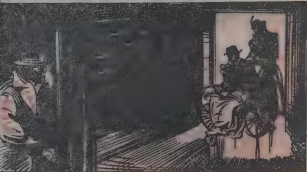




CAUTIOUSLY HE GROPE HIS WAY THRU THE DARK PASSAGEWAYS.



SUDDENLY THE STREETDOOR OPENS AND TWO PERSONS ENTER. COSMO DIVES BEHIND A DRAPE.



MC. QUADE SUDDENLY RISES OUT OF THE CHAIR, PERFECTLY SOUND OF LIMB.

- CHARLES, NO ONE WILL EVER KNOW WE KILLED LEROY-- NOW TO LONDON WITH YOU POSING AS LEROY, I'VE GOT ALL HIS CREDENTIALS



MC. QUADE REACHES TO DRAW ASIDE THE DRAPES BEHIND WHICH COSMO IS HIDING.



W-WH--WHY WHO ARE YOU?



COSMO CONNECTS WITH A MIGHTY SWING.



INSTANTLY THE SECOND MAN JUMPS ON COSMO.



A TERRIFIC FIGHT ENSUES, BOTH MEN SWINGING FURIOUSLY.



COSMO DUCKS A WILD RIGHT AND COUNTERS WITH A LEFT FROM THE FLOOR AS ---



MC QUADE RECOVERS AND TAKES AIM AT COSMO.



ANOTHER REPORT CRACKS -- THE GUN DROPS FROM MC QUADE'S SHATTERED FINGERS.



COSMO, I CALLED THE POLICE AS I WAS AFRAID YOU'D BE IN TROUBLE. -



LEROY HAD A FATHER LIVING IN INDIA. MC QUADE KILLED HIM TO GET HIS GOLD-MINE. WHICH WAS WILLED TO THE YOUNG MAN. THE OLD MAN HAD THE BRITISH AUTHORITIES TRACE HIS SON BUT MC QUADE FOUND OUT ABOUT IT AND WANTED ME TO POSE AS THE SON SO WE COULD GET THE MINE. -



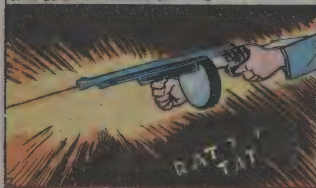
SLAM BRADLEY

IN THE COURSE OF ONE OF THEIR ROUTINE CASES, SLAM AND SHORTY, FALL INTO A TRAP FROM WHICH THERE APPEARS TO BE NO ESCAPE. BESET BY OVERWHELMING ODDS THEY APPEAR TO BE DOOMED, UNTIL

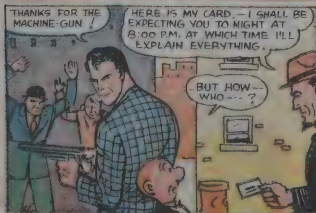
JEROME
SIEGEL
and JOE
SHUSTER



--- BEHIND THE FIGHTING MEN THERE COMES THE SOUND OF A BURST OF MACHINE-GUN FIRE.



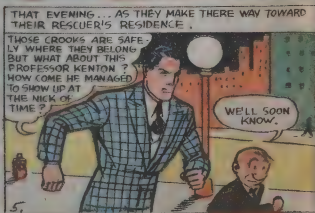
THROW UP YOUR HANDS, ALL OF YOU! -- SLAM, SHORTY, COME HERE!



THANKS FOR THE MACHINE-GUN!

HERE IS MY CARD. -- I SHALL BE EXPECTING YOU TO NIGHT AT 8:00 P.M. AT WHICH TIME I'LL EXPLAIN EVERYTHING.

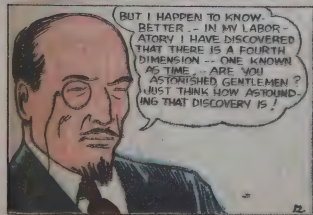
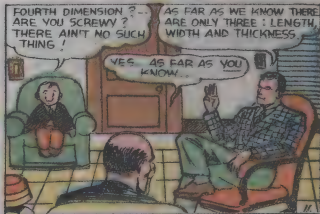
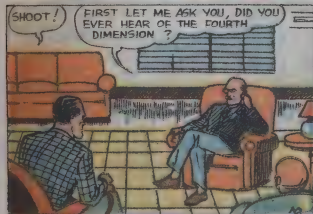
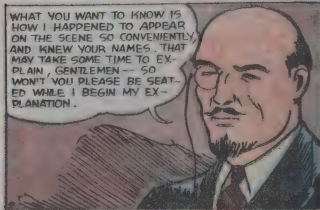
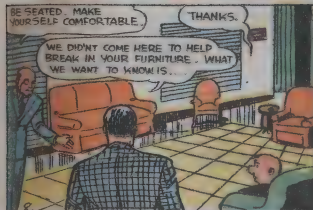
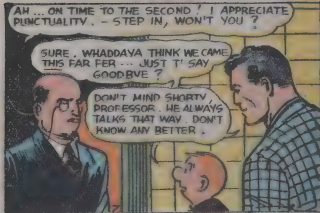
BUT HOW -- WHO -- ?

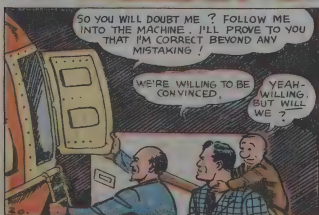
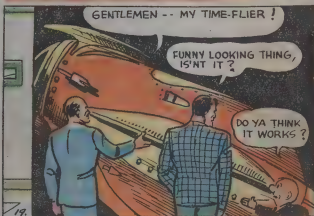
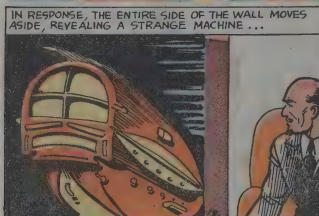
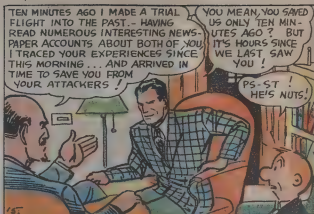
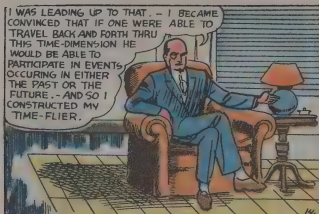


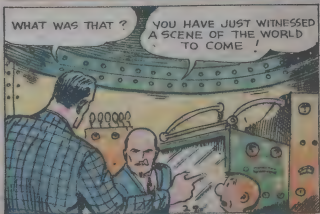
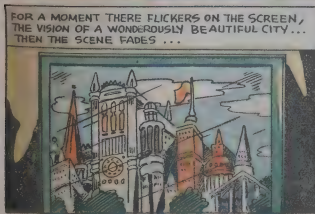
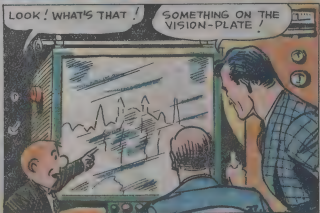
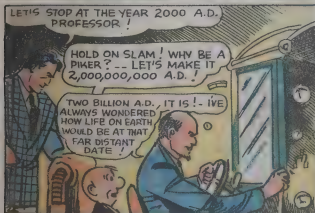
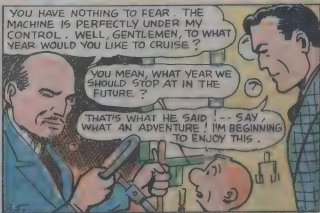
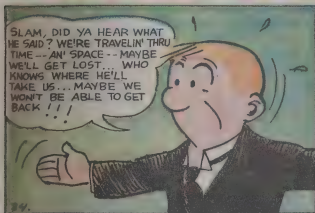
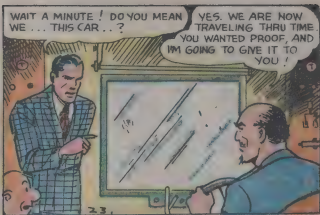
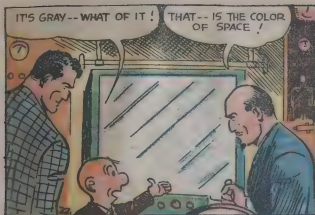
THAT EVENING... AS THEY MAKE THEIR WAY TOWARD THEIR RESCUER'S RESIDENCE.

THOSE CROOKS ARE SAFELY WHERE THEY BELONG BUT WHAT ABOUT THIS PROFESSOR KENTON? HOW COME HE MANAGED TO SHOW UP AT THE NICK OF TIME?

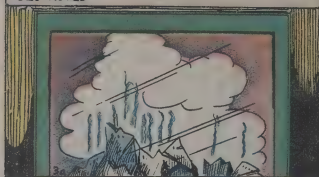
WE'LL SOON KNOW.







AN INSTANT LATER, ANOTHER SCENE FLICKERS ON THE VISION-SCREEN IT IS OF THAT SAME CITY... DESTROYED



I WONDER WHAT DISASTER HAPPENED TO THAT CITY? ... WHAT PLAGUE OR WAR DEMOLISHED IT...?

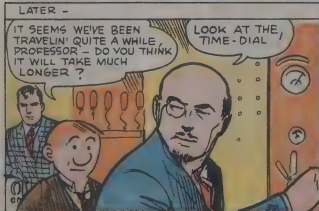
WE COULD GO BACK IN TIME AND INVESTIGATE, BUT WE WON'T. WE'VE MADE TWO BILLION A.D. OUR GOAL, AND WE SHALL NOT DEVIATE FROM OUR COURSE.



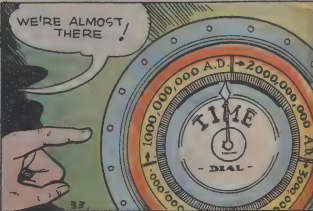
LATER -

IT SEEMS WE'VE BEEN TRAVELIN' QUITE A WHILE, PROFESSOR - DO YOU THINK IT WILL TAKE MUCH LONGER?

LOOK AT THE TIME-DIAL



WE'RE ALMOST THERE!



WE'RE HERE!
WE'VE ARRIVED!

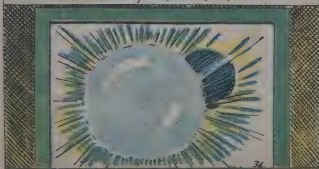


MAYBE

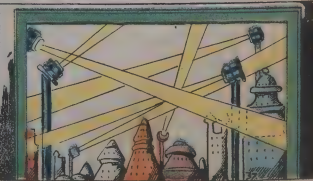
YOU STILL DOUBT ME!
LOOK AT THE SCREEN!



ON THE SCREEN IS SHOWN A GREAT METAL BALL HANGING HIGH IN THE HEAVENS, SHEDDING A GREEN RADIANCE... NEAR IT, A DARK BODY...



BENEATH THE METALLIC SUN LIES A WEIRD CITY, SURROUNDED BY MAMMOTH RAY PROJECTORS



AN ARTIFICIAL SUN TO REPLACE THE
BURNED OUT SUN -- A STRANGE CITY
SURROUNDED BY MYSTERIOUS RAYS !!

THAT SEEMS TO INDICATE THE WORLD
IS STILL POPULATED. - BUT I WONDER
WHAT THE PURPOSE OF
THOSE RAYS ARE ?

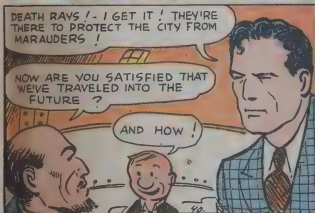
LOOK ! A BIRD IS FLY-
ING DIRECTLY INTO
ONE OF THE RAYS !



DEATH RAYS ! - I GET IT ! THEY'RE
THERE TO PROTECT THE CITY FROM
MARAUDERS !

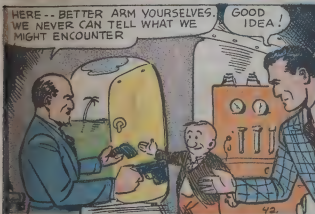
NOW ARE YOU SATISFIED THAT
WE'VE TRAVELED INTO THE
FUTURE ?

AND HOW !



HERE -- BETTER ARM YOURSELVES.
WE NEVER CAN TELL WHAT WE
MIGHT ENCOUNTER

GOOD
IDEA !



THE MEN FROM THE PAST ARE COMPLETELY UN-
AWARE THAT THREE LEOPARD-CREATURES CROUCH
BEHIND THEM, POISED FOR THE SPRING !



THE INSTANT THE BIRD CONTACTS THE RAY, IT BURSTS
INTO FLAMES !



THE TIME-FLIER SWOOPS DOWNWARD AND LANDS
WITHIN A CLEARING IN A TANGLED JUNGLE ...

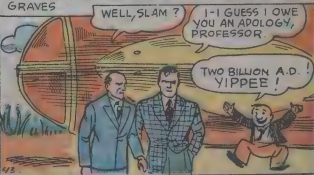


A MOMENT LATER SLAM, KENTON AND SHORTY STEP
OUT UPON A WORLD WHICH WOULD NOT EXIST UN-
TIL THEY THEMSELVES WERE BUT DUST IN THEIR
GRAVES

WELL, SLAM ?

I-I GUESS I OWE
YOU AN APOLOGY,
PROFESSOR.

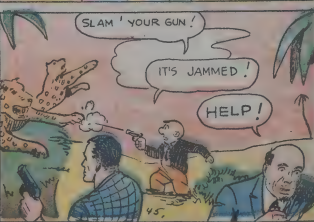
TWO BILLION A.D. !
YIPPEE !



SLAM ! YOUR GUN !

IT'S JAMMED !

HELP !



SLAM IS BORNE TO THE GROUND BY THE GREAT CAT'S WEIGHT! FANGS FLASH BEFORE HIS EYES! - THEN HIS GUN FINALLY FIRES!

WHEW! ONE MORE SECOND AND!

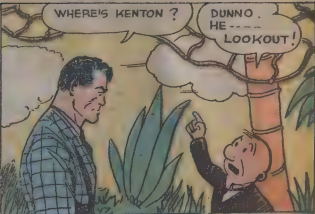


UNEXPECTEDLY, A NET DROPS OUT OF THE SKY, IM-PRISONING THEM BOTH!



WHAT TH'...!

CAN'T GET LOOSE!



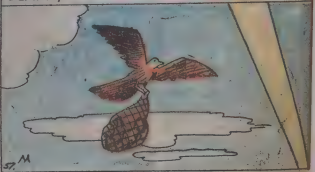
WHERE'S KENTON?

DUNNO. HE LOOKOUT!

OFF TOWARD THE DISTANT CITY WINGS A GIANT BIRD WITH ITS HELPLESS CAPTIVES



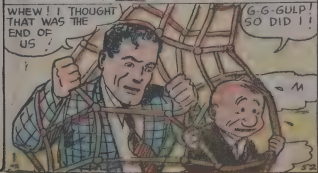
ONLY A FEW YARDS AWAY FROM THE RAY !! ARE SLAM AND SHORTY TO PERISH IN A BLISTERING DEATH?



SUDDENLY...OFF FLASHES THE RAY... THEN AFTER THE BIRD-CREATURE ENTERS THE CITY... IT FLASHES ON, AGAIN !!

WHEW! I THOUGHT THAT WAS THE END OF US!

G-G-GULP! SO DID I!

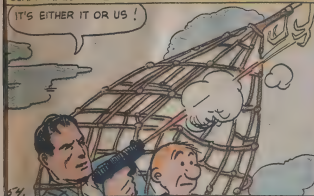


OUR GUNS! WHY DIDN'T WE THINK OF THEM BEFORE! MINE'S EMPTY! HOW'S YOURS?

MINE'S OKAY, BUT THERE'S ONLY ONE BULLET LEFT - HERE TAKE IT! AND YOU BETTER SHOOT STRAIGHT!

SLAM TAKES CAREFUL AIM UPWARD ... SHOOTS ...

IT'S EITHER IT OR US !



SLAM FURIOUSLY ATTACKS THE NET WITH HIS POCKET-KNIFE ...

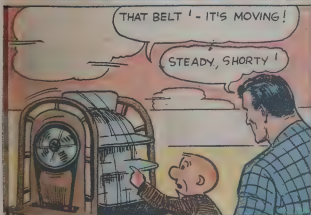
HOW'S IT GOIN' ?

WE'LL BE FREE IN A MOMENT !

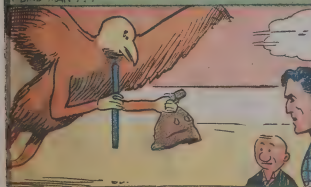


THAT BELT ! - IT'S MOVING !

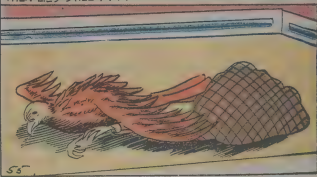
STEADY, SHORTY !



UP FROM THE BELT, AND ONTO THE ROOF, STREAKS -- A BIRD-MAN ...



WITH A HIGH-PITCHED SHRIEK, THE BIRD FLUTTERS DOWN TO A HIGH ROOF, NARROWLY CRUSHING ITS CAPTIVES, THEN LIES STILL ...



FREE AT LAST !

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK !
WITHIN A STRANGE CITY
SURROUNDED BY DEATH-
RAYS ... MILES FROM THE
TIME-FLIER ... WE'RE
ANYTHING BUT FREE !



FASTER WHIRLS THE BELT ... AND FASTER STILL ...

WHAT DO YA THINK IT MEANS ?

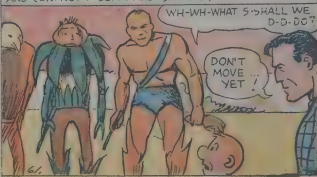
WHATEVER IT IS, I'VE A
HUNCH WE WON'T
LIKE IT !



IN ANOTHER MOMENT TWO MORE FIGURES -- A PLANT MAN AND A HUMAN BEING -- FLASH ONTO THE ROOF AND CONFRONT SLAM AND SHORTY, --

WH-WH-WHAT S-HALL WE
D-D-DO ?

DON'T
MOVE ...
YET !



THE THREE MONSTERS DON BLACK HOODS AND RAISE THIN TUBES TO THEIR LIPS...



INSTANTLY A SHRILL, JARRING NOTE BLARES OUT FROM THE TUBES, SHOCKING THE SENSES...



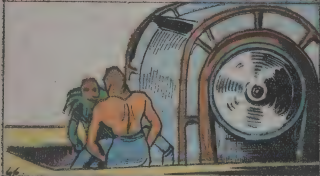
AS THE SOUND OF THE TEARING NOTES ROAR OUT, SLAM AND SHORTY STIFFEN AS THO TURNED TO STONE! THE TERRIBLE WEAPON OF SOUND HAS ROBBED THEM OF ALL MOVEMENT!



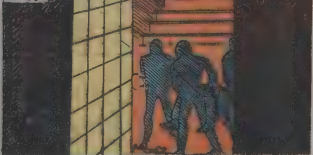
SEIZING THE PARALYZED SLAM AND SHORTY, THE MONSTER-MEN CARRY THEM TOWARD THE BELT.



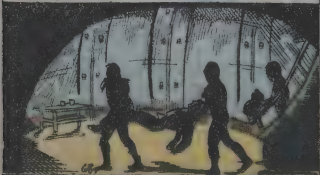
NEXT INSTANT THEY LEAD UPON THE MOVING BELT AND DISAPPEAR, BENEATH THE SURFACE OF THE ROOF WITH THEIR BURDEN.



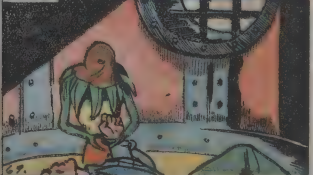
DOWN SHOOTS THE BELT WITH FRIGHTENING SPEED. SUDDENLY IT STOPS, AND THE PARTY ALIGHTS UPON A PLATFORM. THE THREE BEINGS HURRY FURTHLY ALONG A TWISTING CORRIDOR WITH THEIR CAPTIVES.



SHORTLY, THEY SLIDE DOWN CURVING SIDES INTO THE CENTER OF A CIRCULAR, BARELY FURNISHED METALLIC ROOM.



KNEELING, THE PLANT-MAN FASTENS WATCH-LIKE INSTRUMENTS TO THE WRISTS OF SLAM AND SHORTY THEN



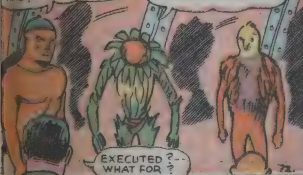
THOUGH THE LIPS OF THE PLANT-MAN HAD VOICED AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT WORD, THE WRIST-THOUGHT TRANSLATORS CAUSE SLAM AND SHORTY TO HEAR IT AS ENGLISH...

HELLO YOURSELF! WHAT'S UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES IT WOULD BE BEST IF YOU PERMITTED US TO DO THE QUESTIONING.



FROM THE PAST! YOU HAVE ARRIVED AT AN OPPORTUNE TIME!

WE WERE TO BE EXECUTED TOMORROW! BUT NOW WE CAN ESCAPE!



EXECUTED?-- WHAT FOR?



IT IS A SACRILEGE!

'GAY SLAM' THESE FELLOWS GOTTA SENSE OF HUMOR, AFTER ALL!

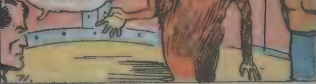


SHUT UP, YOU FOOL! THEY'RE SERIOUS!

WHO ARE YOU? UNLESS OUR COMMUNITY HAS BEEN DUPED BY HISTORIANS, WE ARE THE SOLE REMAINING INTELLIGENT BEINGS UPON THE PLANET.

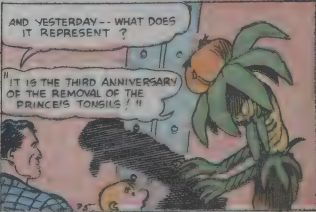
REMARKABLE! THRU OUR VISION-SET WE GLIMPSED YOUR STRANGE VEHICLE AND SET OUT A WINGED MESSENGER TO BRING YOU HERE

WE ARE MEN FROM THE PAST... PENETRATED IN TO THE FUTURE IN A TIME-CAR



A TAUT SILENCE... THE THREE MONSTROSITIES GAZE GUILTYLY AT EACH OTHER... THEN THE BIRD-MAN SPEAKS...

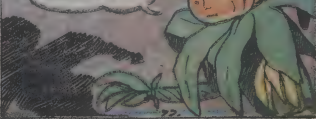
WE WERE SO INDISCREET AS TO GAMBLE ON THE YESTERDAY. THE PENALTY OF COURSE IS DEATH. FOR TO GAMBLE ON THAT HOLIEST OF HOLY DAYS IS BLASHEMY, A SACRILEGE!

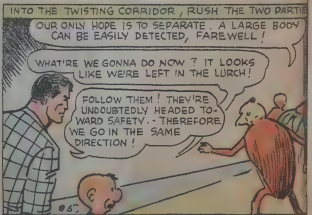
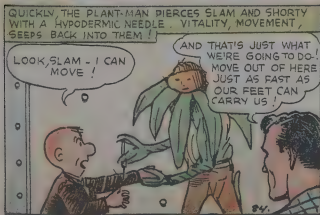
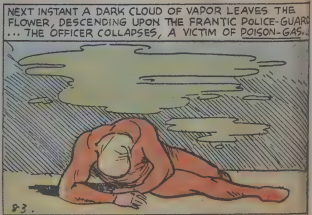
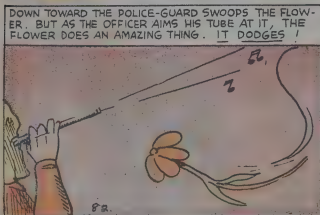
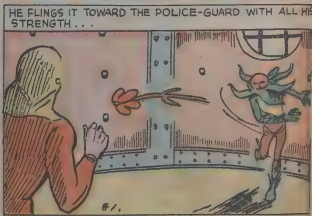
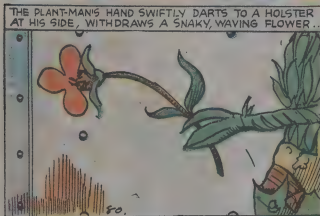
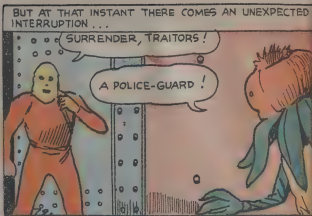
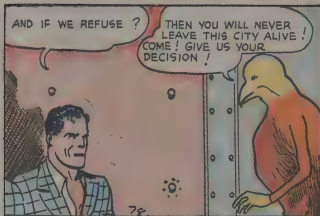


AND YESTERDAY-- WHAT DOES IT REPRESENT?

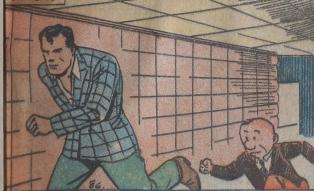
"IT IS THE THIRD ANNIVERSARY OF THE REMOVAL OF THE PRINCE'S TONSILS!"

WE OFFER YOU A PROPOSITION... BOTH YOU AND OURSELVES WISH TO ESCAPE FROM HERE. SUPPOSE WE COMBINE FORCES. WE'LL GET YOU OUT OF THIS CITY, IF YOU'LL TRANSFER US TO ANOTHER TIME-ERA. IS IT A BARGAIN?

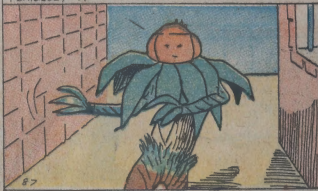




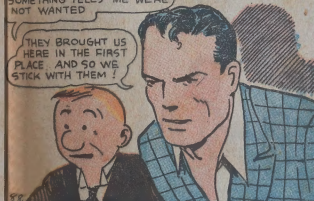
SLAM AND SHORTY RACE AFTER THE DESERTING MONSTERS ...



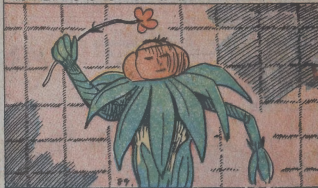
GLANCING BACKWARD, THE PLANT-MAN WARNS THEM FURIOUSLY ...



SOMETHING TELLS ME WE'RE NOT WANTED



THE PLANT-MAN HOLDS ALOFT THE FLOWER-DEATH. HIS MEANING IS OBVIOUS IF THEY ADVANCE FURTHER



SHORTY ! COME BACK ! IT'S SUICIDE !

NO MEASLY PLANT IS GONNA TELL ME WOTTA DO !



SLAM !
HELP !

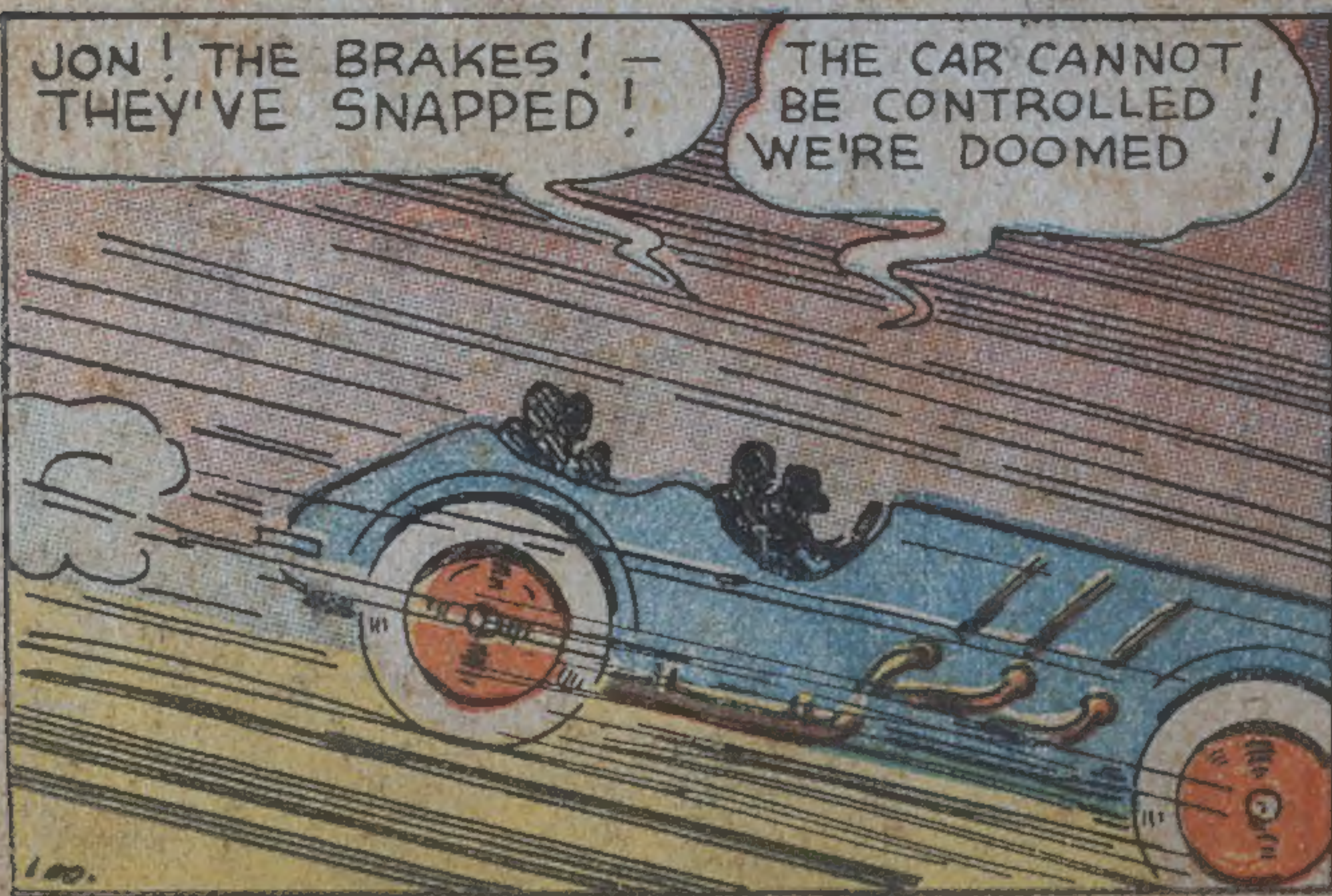
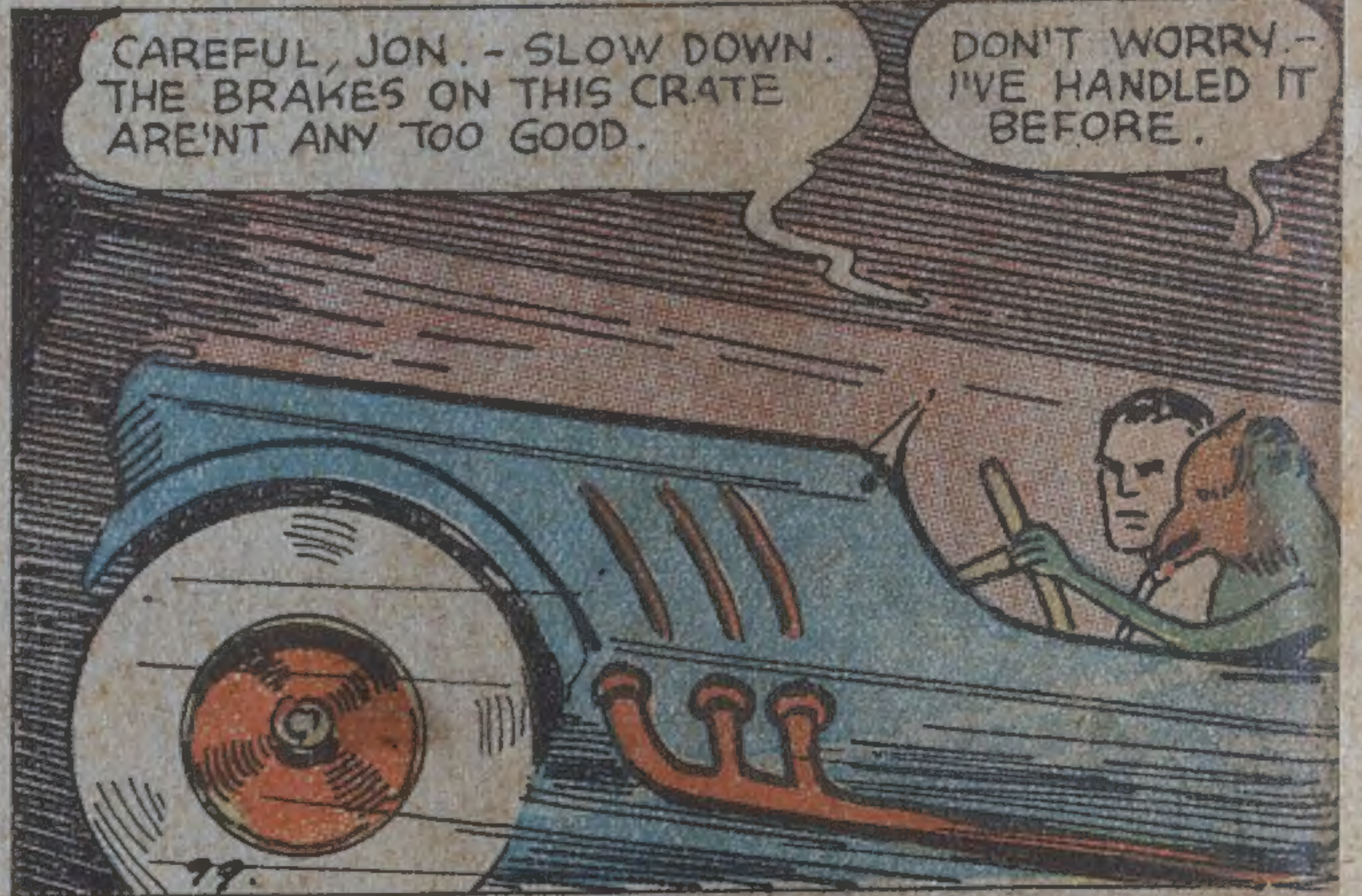
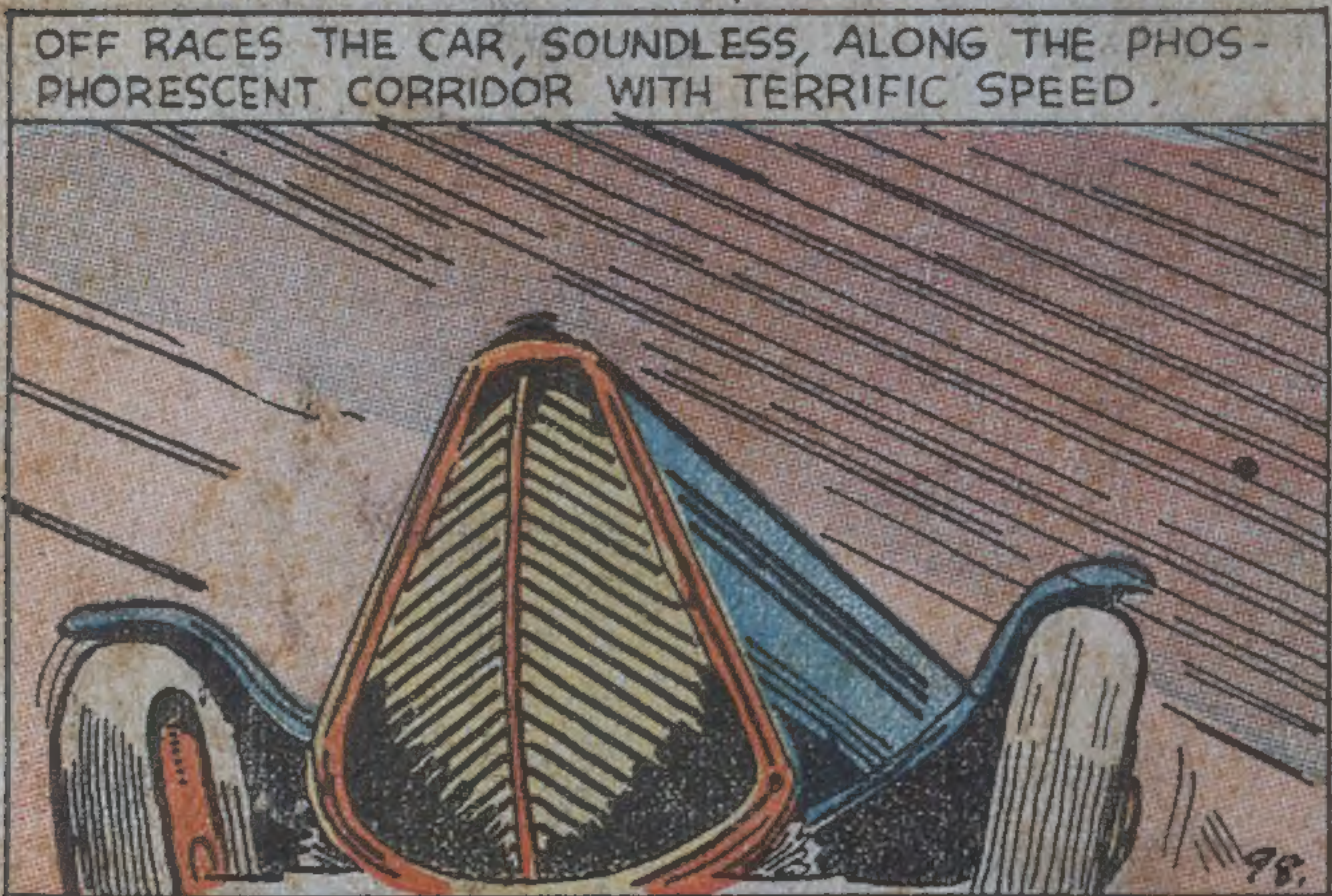
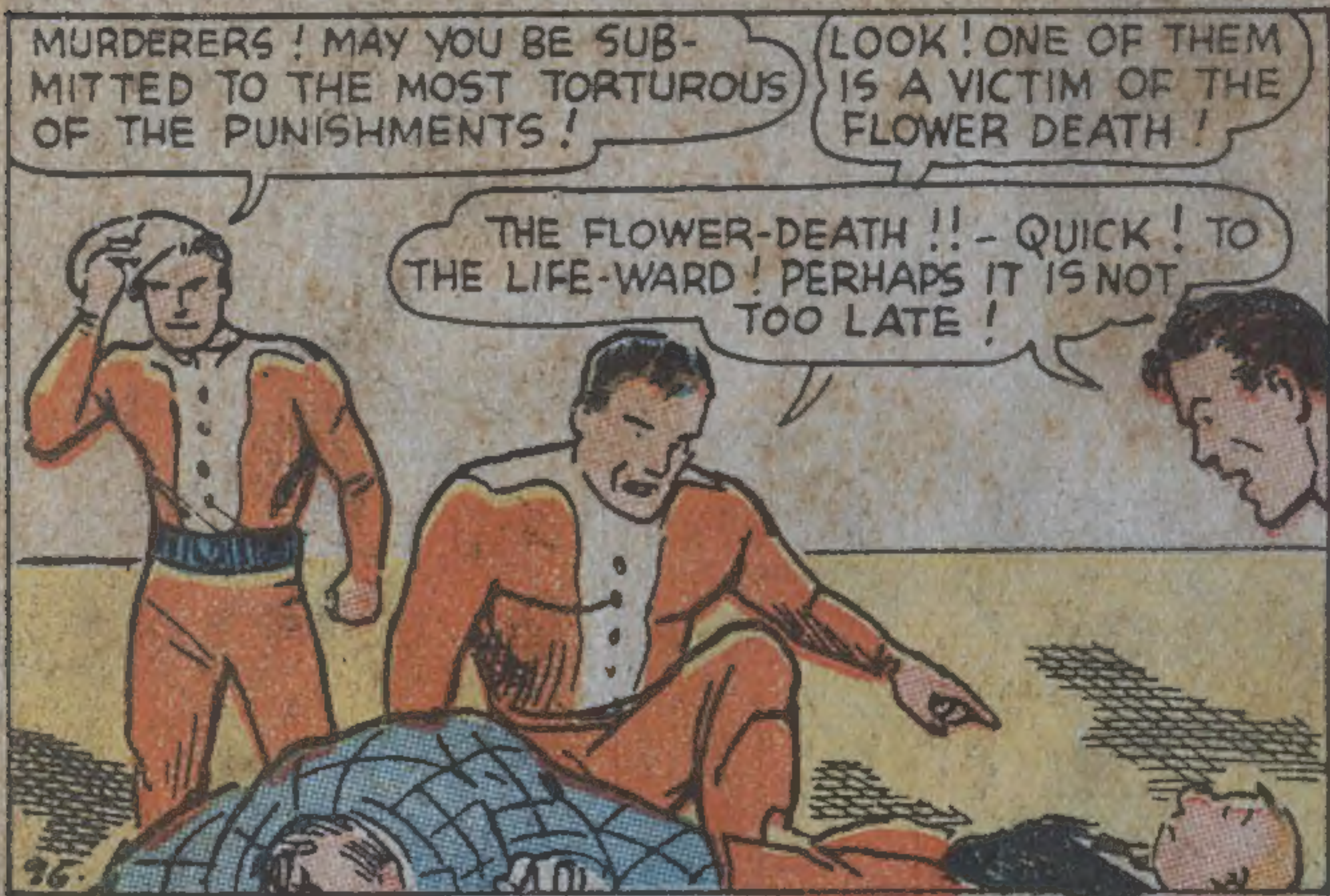


SHORTY ! SHORTY !



HE'S DEAD !





TO BE
CONCLUDED
NEXT ISSUE

DETECTIVE PUZZLES

BE A DETECTIVE



CAN YOU WRITE THE INITIALS OF THE SIX PICTURES SHOWN ABOVE AND THEN REARRANGE THE SIX LETTERS TO SPELL A VEGETABLE?

DO HEAR IT



SEE IF YOU CAN REARRANGE ALL OF THE LETTERS IN THE ABOVE WORDS TO SPELL TWO OTHER WORDS OF WHICH THE PICTURE IS ILLUSTRATIVE.

Dear ----- May: I ----- to
thank ----- for ----- pleasant
vacation I ----- at your -----
last month ----- mother and
----- were ----- kind to -----
Will it ----- possible ----- you
to ----- us next week? -----
answer ----- friend Grace.

THE NUMBER OF LETTERS IN EACH MISSING WORD, IN THE ABOVE NOTE, ARE INDICATED BY THE DASHES.

CAN YOU FILL IN THE SPACES CORRECTLY?



THE ENTIRE BODIES OF A SQUIRREL AND A TURTLE ARE IN THIS PICTURE BUT THE DOG CAN'T SEE THEM. CAN YOU?

The following are the names of the Winners of the Cartoon Contest that ran in the October issue of DETECTIVE COMICS. A prize of \$1 has been sent to each of the Winners.

WILLIAM E. ANDERSON,
Salt Lake City, Utah.

ARTHUR THOMAS,
Savannah, Georgia.

DEAN PORCHEY,
Maplewood, Miss.

KOSTAS GUSSIS,
New Brunswick, N. J.

STANLEY WASHINGTON,
Youngstown, Ohio.

THOMAS GOLDEN,
Pennside, Reading, Penn.

JAMES W. SMITH, JR.,
Nashville, Tenn.

PAUL HOPKINS,
Baltimore, Md.

RALPH LA BARRE,
Syracuse, N. Y.

LORRAINE PIMENTEL,
San Francisco, Calif.

CHARLIE M. FARR,
Mansfield, Texas.

RUBEN MONTOYA,
Santa Fe, N. Mex.

LEONARD LEWIS,
Buffalo, N. Y.

RUBY BALL,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

MILDRED GASTMAN,
New York City.

HAROLD GOLDBERG,
Ashville, No. Car.

CLYDE FULLER,
Orleans, Mass.

WILLIAM FERRERI,
New York City.

JOHN PLUCINSKI,
Erie, Penn.

CAROL CECERE,
New Haven, Conn.

JOE RHONE LOPER,
Live Oak, Fla.

PHILLIP OBENCHAIN,
Boise, Idaho.

JOE KURCZEK, JR.,
Chicago, Ill.

ERIKA OCHSNER,
Detroit, Mich.

MILTON HABER,
Wilmington, Dela.

